

The
Beatles
May Do
Free Spring
Concert Tour
in U.S.A.

ROLLING STONE

ACME

No. 23

DECEMBER 7, 1968

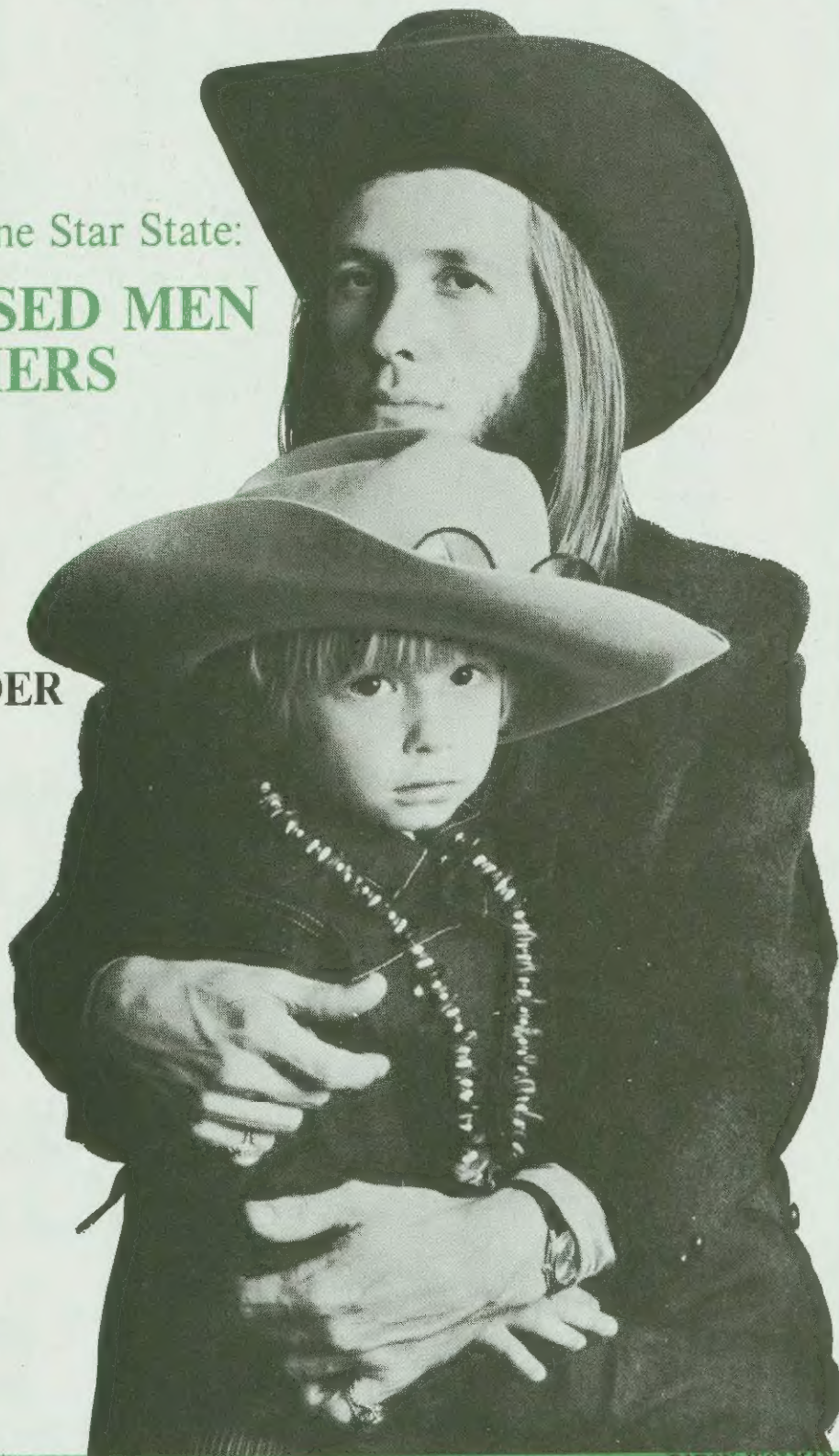
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Tribute to the Lone Star State:

DISPOSSESSED MEN AND MOTHERS OF TEXAS

THE NEW
JOAN BAEZ,
A LITTLE OLDER
NOW

Norman Mailer
Carl Perkins
Jimi Hendrix
Felix Paparelli
& Others



Doug Sahm, Dispossessed Texan

BARON WOLMAN

ROLLING STONE

No. 23
DECEMBER 7, 1968

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BARON WOLMAN

Joan Baez, today and tomorrow, with her arrest record—Page 12

BEATLES MAY DO FREE CONCERT TOUR IN U.S.A.

LONDON—The Beatles are thinking of doing about ten live concerts in the US in the spring or early summer, according to a reliable source close to the group. The concerts will be put on in conjunction with local rock operations. Plans are not absolutely definite—currently the scheme is merely one item on a list of plans—but the idea is to express the Beatles' thanks to their American fans for their support.

Consequently, the idea is for the concerts to be free, gratis, no charge.

The Beatles' first concerts in two years, charity benefit performances, will be put on this year in England. They are scheduled for three successive nights starting December 15th or 16th at London's Chalk Farm Roadhouse, and will probably be filmed for an hour-long TV spectacular. Apple artists Mary Hopkin and Jackie Lomax will also appear.

The show will center about the 30 tracks recorded for the Beatles' new double LP, *The Beatles*, now in final stages of manufacture. The date of re-

lease on that album has been pushed back from November 16th to November 22nd.

The Beatles, which features mostly material written while the boys were in India, will have a perfectly plain white cover except for the words "The Beatles." Two numbers have been added to the list of titles published in *ROLLING STONE* #22, "Revolution No. 1," which is almost identical to the hit single "Revolution," and "Revolution No. 9," which isn't (it's said to consist mostly of screams and cackles, with the phrase "number nine, number nine" being repeated now and then).

As for John Lennon's and Yoko Ono's personal LP *The Two Virgins*, with the controversial nude cover art that was reproduced on an insert in our last issue, arrangements have been made to have it distributed despite the refusal of EMI/Capitol to handle the record. Polydor Records in England and Tetragrammaton (Bill Cosby's record company) in the United States will distribute the al-

bum with a brown paper oversleeve with holes revealing John and Yoko from the face up. If you're really in a hurry, you can order it directly from Apple, 3 Savile Road, London W.1., and it will arrive in a completely clothing, completely unrevealing brown paper envelope.

Yoko Ono was named by John Lennon's first wife Cynthia as co-respondent (or "other woman") in the Lennons' divorce trial. At the hearing, which lasted eight minutes, Cynthia was granted a divorce on grounds of adultery. Her lawyer told the court that John had made "generous and proper provision" for his ex-wife and five-year-old son.

Judge Roger Ormrod gave leave for the divorce decree to be made absolute in 28 days after hearing that Miss Ono was expecting a child. Under English law there is usually a three-month interval between the granting of a decree and its absolute enforceability. Yoko too has a divorce action pending with her husband, American filmmaker Anthony

Cosby.

While John and Yoko have been in the courts for possession of cannabis and adultery, the other Beatles have been vacationing after the five months of labor they put into their new album. George Harrison has been in Los Angeles recording Jackie Lomax and reportedly negotiating with Tetragrammaton for John's and Yoko's LP. Ringo, of course, has been spending his time quietly at home.

Paul has been around the world, spending ten days in the US. While in this country he was invited by a Black Power leader to speak at a rally. According to Apple press officer, Derek Taylor, "He wanted Paul to state the case for white people. But Paul replied that he was not responsible for, and did not represent, all whites."

Also, according to Derek Taylor, Paul has been wandering around New York, unrecognized—because he has his hair swept back.



THE FANTASTIC EXPEDITION OF DILLARD & CLARK

gene clark

doug dillard



A NEW ALBUM "THE FANTASTIC EXPEDITION OF DILLARD & CLARK"





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LOVE LETTERS AND ADVICE

SIRS:

I just finished reading Pete Welding's article on Muddy Waters and can only agree wholeheartedly with his condemnation of Chess in general and *Electric Mud* in particular. Chess has consistently tried to jump on every craze and capitalize on it. Thus you get such discs as *Bo Diddley's a Twister* and *Muddy Waters, Folk Singer*. What next? *Howlin' Wolf Sings Tiny Tim*?

But Pete is wrong when he says "One looks in vain for representative samples of [Muddy's] band's work on record." Two ABC Bluesway albums in my possession—*The Blues Is Where It's At*, Otis Spann, and *Live at the Cafe Au Go-Go*, John Lee Hooker—feature the Muddy Waters blues band live. The personnel includes Otis Spann on piano, Muddy on guitar, Mac Arnold on bass, Francis Clay on drums, in addition to guitarists Sam Lawhorn and Luther Johnson and mouth harpist George Smith.

People seem to put down the blues anthologies put out by the Chess-Checker complex (*Heavy Heads*, the *Blues Vols. 1-3*) by saying the songs are included on previously released albums. This is so, but what about someone just getting into the blues? Isn't it good to have something for the novice blues enthusiast?

STEVE PARNKE
 SAN FRANCISCO

SIRS:

You've been doing great in covering all aspects of youth music, from the latest news, in-depth articles, interviews, and record reviews, to reports on such rock-related things as your Visuals and book columns and more recently your report on GI's, rock, dope and Vietnam.

But there's one very important aspect of our music that you and nearly everybody connected with rock reporting ignore: What happens to a piece of sound from the time it is conceived in the artist's mind until it comes out of the speakers of my record player. I could really dig seeing a series of long articles covering these topics.

What is a producer? What is an engineer? What do they do? How are the master tapes made? Record companies and other villains. Promotion. Role of radio stations. How are records made in the factories? And finally, how exactly does my record player work.

I know the answers to some of these questions and I'm sure others do too. But I think that almost everybody would like to know the answers to all and more of the above questions. And you of Rolling Stone are the only ones who can help us.

DAVID NICHOLAS HILLIS
 HAYWARD, CALIF.

SIRS:

Your story on the Goose That Laid The Golden Rock in your last issue was all very well and good. Lord knows it's true and about time, but you really made the point about three times more than necessary.

In your paragraphs on inordinate hyping, the examples could stretch on forever. However, I think you can be faulted for negligence in not mentioning the hype that Atlantic-Atco put onto the Nazz. They took a quote from the liner notes to the LP written by your writer, Jon Landau, and plastered them all over America. The unfortunate aspect was that the group—as represented both on that record and in person—is nowhere near what Landau claims they are capable of. I have yet to see one head taken apart and re-assembled, except perhaps Landau's.

Landau is a well-meaning cat, I'm sure, in fact one of the most informed and worthwhile writers on the scene today. However, in his enthusiasm or amateurishness, he let someone buy from him one hell of an extraordinary plug. He can disclaim responsibility for whatever good excuses he has, but the point is that the responsibility is ultimately his, and yours too, since your name was put right under his.

And the whole unfortunate affair was compounded by the record company's taking advantage of the situation, a quote and a promotion that anyone

with an ear knows was unjustified and untrue. The net effect: people walk away from listening to the Nazz, shaking their heads and saying to themselves: "What bullshit."

Which is the point of your article, and it was good to see it in print.

KEVIN ALTMAN
 CHICAGO, ILL.

SIRS:

Thanks very much for the article on the Army; it's only too bad that more people cannot be made aware that "our boys in Vietnam" are not what the propagandists would have them be. The article should go far in helping people make that break.

Before people go off thinking that everything is such a groovy turn-on in the Army, however, I would like to say that a lot is being done to stop this now, especially because of the publicity—what the Brass term "bad publicity"—that has come from all the articles about the "new action Army."

Repression of drug users and suspected drug users is at an all-time high (no pun intended), at least here at Fort Hood. In one ten-day period in October, there were 78 drug arrests—that we know of—on-base. Not only are "illegitimate" drug arrests being made, but a number of people known to be into the drug scene who the CID cannot get hard evidence on have been arrested on the old plant.

This tactic is also being used against soldiers who engage in "dissent political activity." The Army is aware that when they arrest a man on political charges—even when they get a conviction—they suffer a "black eye" from the publicity. They are now using "criminal" drug charges in lieu of political charges, in an attempt to cut off the dissent soldier from any potential support community that might develop in his defense.

Already, the editor of "The Fatigue Press," Fort Hood's on-base underground paper, faces a general court-martial for three counts of marijuana possession.

—Continued on Page 30

BILL GRAHAM FIGHTS OFF THE N.Y. MOTHERFUCKERS 'LIBERATION' ATTEMPT

NEW YORK—The "liberation" of the Fillmore East by the revolution-oriented street-gang called "The Motherfuckers," first essayed on October 22nd, has been indefinitely postponed by order of Bill Graham.

His exact words were, "Nobody wanted to 'liberate' this place a year ago when it was a rat-infested dump—you can go 'liberate' the Opera House!"

This seemingly absurd and absurdly mannered dispute is basically a re-hash of a theme which has dogged Bill Graham's well-known financial successes. According to the sentiments of the self-characterized street revolutionaries, Graham has sucked the blood of the "community" and made himself rich off of rock. The street people claim the "rock" is theirs and Graham is a mercenary.

Although no dance or concert promoter in recent entertainment history has yet to pay a band \$10,000 a night and give the tickets away free (not any band yet accepted 60% of the gate with the understanding that there would be no gate), Graham feels that he has gone a long way to support and aid the "community" with free benefits and halls and concerts for various causes.

In New York, he made an agreement to let the various groups spoken for by the "Motherfuckers," use the Fillmore East free one night weekly. But Fun City apparently was unable to let this happen smoothly.

The specific dispute is over Bill Graham's right to approve the acts that are presented in his Fillmore East auditorium. This has been the issue from the start, over a month ago, when the Motherfuckers (short for "Up Against the Wall, Motherfucker") first approached Graham with plans for a free night at the Fillmore, together with the Lower East Side Free Store (since defunct) and Newsreel, a revolutionary film cooperative.

Graham, whose near-monomaniacal concern about the smooth running of his halls is famous, found the Motherfuckers' plans wanting, and refused them the use of the hall at that time. The Motherfuckers (who claim to represent dope-dealers, hustlers and "street people") lay low for about three weeks until the Fillmore put on a night of radical theater performances, a benefit organized for the Columbia Legal Defense Fund.

The theater was about half full when one of the acts, Julian Beck's Living Theater, began (in cahoots with the Motherfuckers) to hand out the remaining tickets in the street. The Living Theater's performance of *Paradise Now*, a "street theater" dance and drama that thrives on audience involvement, ended with a tremendous sense of energy. "The energy was too big for that auditorium," says Ben "Motherfucker" (Morea).

At that point the Motherfuckers started "liberate" the Fillmore by taking the microphones and announcing that Graham must turn it over to the Motherfuckers, as representatives of the community, one night a week for free.

No more acts were staged during the argument that filled the next five hours from 10 PM to three in the morning. Graham refused to relinquish his right to approve the activities staged in his hall. "Until you change the political structure of the US, we're paying the rent, and I do not owe you anything," he said, in his intransigent way.

An agreement was made to have an open Town Meeting to debate the issue. A week later at the appointed time, 7:00, chairs and microphones were waiting on the Fillmore stage. Ed Sanders of the Fugs had agreed to mediate.

The Motherfuckers showed at 7:30 with a couple of rock groups (including some of the members of Big Brother—not Janis Joplin, however, who sided with Graham in the dispute). Graham refused to admit bands, free food baskets, or mimeograph machines on the grounds that this was a debate.

"We had no desire for a debate and all that old bullshit," says Ben Motherfucker. "We only wanted space to be open for the community." Since there was to be no debate, Graham returned to the audience for the next three hours while the Motherfuckers (who had said, "We're not here to talk, we're here to take over") ate their lettuce and grapes and played tambourines and flutes.

By that time a good many of "the community" had left in disillusionment over the ability of the Motherfuckers to represent them, or even play their flutes.

And that's when Graham said, "You will never again use my theater. You are not worth it."

Random Notes

Bob Dylan has given his first straight interview in years to *Sing Out!*, the old-time folk magazine (which is appearing in a much more attractive format these days, by the way, probably the most salutary aftermath of the folk boom). He was recorded mostly in conversation with John Cohen of the New Lost City Ramblers, an old friend and a very hip

person, and he's pretty surprising. He talks about *Don't Look Back* and another recently-made movie, about art and philosophy, a little bit about both drugs and politics, and he cops out to being Blind Boy Grunt. Don't miss it.

For that matter, Marc Bolan of the English group T. Rex recently said this: "Really, it all belongs to Bob Dylan. We are all producing a monster—a fifty-five-group image of Dylan. We are all now forming a big statue of Dylan in different aspects."

The next *Supersession* LP will have on its cover an original painting—portraits of Al Kooper and Mike Bloomfield—by Norman Rockwell, formerly of the *Sat. Eve. Post.* and that's hip. . . . *Live at Folsom Prison* is Johnny Cash's third gold LP. . . . That attack of tonsillitis that helped turn Cass Elliot's Las Vegas debut into a disaster turns out to have been hepatitis, and that's hep. A rescheduling of her three-week gig at Caesar's Palace is still pending. . . . The Beach Boys are touring England in December, and their engagement at the Palladium, according to the news release, "marks the first time that the Beach Boys have appeared in concert backed by a 45-piece orchestra." Or do you doubt it?

Matthew Katz got into the San Francisco scene early as a promoter and suer of rock groups (his suit against Jefferson Airplane has been in the courts two and a half years now). Recently he filed simultaneous \$1 million damage suits against Mobly Grape and It's A Beautiful Day, also asking for restraining orders to prevent the groups from using their names, to which he claims the rights. Now Katz wants damages because the Grape now contains fewer than three of the original members.

Incidentally, the big money advances which have corrupted the originally pure San Francisco underground are under attack. Dunhill vice president Jay Lasker has announced that his company will not make advances of over \$6000, with the promise of good management. All of which sounds like a good thing, if the same big money that is currently being spent on rock gets divided with the bulk of the split going to good musical assistance and equipment and recording, and touring and the rest of the large effort it takes to make enduring musical associations that make good music.

And at the same time as that, Quick-silver Messenger Service have said that they intended to end it all at the end of 1968. Their last gig will be the Bill Graham New Year's Bash, and then they plan to either break up entirely or go through some sort of major changes. Another \$50,000 group, blowin' in the wind.

No, Danny Kalb did not die from an STP flip out, as has been speculated. He is now reporting to Jerry Schoenbaum, Atlantic-A&O's Talent Director in New York, as a record producer. Not much in the way of music has been heard from him since the Blues Project days, but proof of his existence (and sanity, presumably) should be forthcoming. He will be lead guitarist in his own albums for Atlantic in the near future.

Phil Spector is back in records with a group called the Checkmates Ltd. Their record, a single of "Baby, Don't You Get Crazy" (written by John Sebastian for his Broadway show *Johnny Shine*), uses about 250 instrumental parts built out of a basic track performed by a core of 28 musicians. It's said to be a rocker with a sound like early Righteous Brothers, only cleaner, with the vocals much more out front. Release date is some time toward the end of the month, depending on the finalization of partnership agreements with A&M Records.

The Bill Gavin Report—which initiated the controversy over drug songs by rumormongering suspiciously over "Eight Miles High" and "Rainy Day Women, 12 and 35" (remember? *Time Magazine*)

—Continued on Page 8



From The Editor:

You wouldn't believe what went down around here the week before last as we entered our second year of publication. (Baron, the photographer, asked if the anniversary issue was considered the last issue of the first year or the first issue of the second year; didn't really have an answer for him, so he decided to stay past midnight.) We knew that the pictures John Lennon was kind enough to send us—the ones he took of himself and Yoko as Two Virgins—were very special, but we had no idea of what would happen.

First, the San Francisco Chronicle did a story before the issue went on the stands with a four column headline: "Nude Beate Perils S.F." You have to understand the style of the Chronicle, I guess. It is the only dope and rock and roll daily in the United States, carries news of every dope bust, has had Owsley on the front page about three times, and so everyone reads it. They aren't Yahoo's at all, just very hip.

San Francisco Police arrested a street vendor for selling Rolling Stone, planning to make an obscenity case out of it. But after a meeting with various judges and district attorneys and others, they decided to skip it and drop the charges. The postmaster in Englewood, New Jersey refused to mail the Eastern subscriber copies; our distributor in Boston refused to put it on the newsstands. As this issue goes to press, we do not know yet what happened in the rest of the United States, but one would assume we have a 50-50 chance.

The several thousand copies destined for that Northern center of higher learning were re-routed to New York. (Elektra Records, incidentally, is having the same trouble in Boston with their *Have A Marijuana* LP.) Despite the re-supply in New York, and a reprinting in San Francisco to supply local readers (City Lights Bookstore sold 1,000 in two days) and Los Angeles readers, the issue was a complete sell-out in all the major cities, including the 3,000 copies distributed for the first time in London, where this all began, innocently enough.

To our Eastern subscribers, we must really apologize. The Post Office Department cleared the issue for the mails, but there was a week's delay. Like every other publication, we have had enormous problems with the mails, but we hope to soon have them straightened out, so don't fret none; you'll get that issue, even if in plain brown wrappers. (Eastern Subscribers might also like to know that we are currently working on ending the phenomenal delay we have experienced with our New York mail in general. Patience.)

Well, the phones were ringing and all manner of readers and readers-to-be were traipsing down to our office (once described in a *Dun & Bradstreet* Report as a "loft in a two story stucco building in good repair, housekeeping normal") to get copies of the issue. And not just one copy, but three or four apiece. The point is this: "Print a famous foreskin and the world will beat a path to your door."

—Jann Wenner

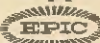
Persons unable to obtain the last issue of *ROLLING STONE* on newsstands can send 50c to this office and we will mail you one. Better yet, take the hint and subscribe for good.

"Apart from The Beatles
and The Rolling Stones
the only thing in Britain
is Terry Reid."

—Aretha Franklin*



BN 26427

Terry Reid is happening
here and on 



THE JIMI HENDRIX EXPERIENCE: ELECTRIC LADYLAND

Tits 'n Ass LP Brown-bagged in England

LOS ANGELES—Jimi Hendrix says that the Jimi Hendrix Experience will be moving on to other things after Christmas, including the eventual dissolution of the group as a group. Hendrix, who has been living in Los Angeles for the past several weeks while flying back and forth to gigs in various parts of the United States, explained that except for very special concerts and some recording, he and drummer Mitch Mitchell and bassist Noel Redding will not be doing much together.

He was quoted to this effect in the English paper *Melody Maker*, which spoke to him by phone. Contacted later, Hendrix said that he did not mean to say the group was breaking up, but just looking for other things to do in addition to concerts and the like.

On other fronts with Hendrix, the English double-LP release of *Electric Lady Land*, delayed in Great Britain for two months after American release, has met resistance and censorship in many record shops and outlying provinces in the British Isles. This is because the jacket, a double fold affair, features about 20 naked ladies reposing in various poses, some of them even holding Jimi Hendrix LP's.

Several of the leading London record wholesalers say they will stock the record, but only make it available in brown wrappers. The fight for decency moves on.



The cover on the English LP was made after *Electric Ladyland* was released in the States with another cover altogether. Licensing arrangements on Hendrix product provides for no uniformity of covers, although it has been a fairly standard practice for the past several years with rock product. No censorship was involved. Nonetheless, it is a rather dashing looking thing.

A \$4 Million Loser

NEW YORK—In a year when the recording industry turned the billion-dollar corner, MGM Records managed to buck strong headwinds and turn in a losing year. For fiscal 1968, MGM's loss was something over \$4 million.

How could this happen, during a period when Columbia, Atlantic, Warners and others have reaped enormous, unprecedented profits, riding the crest of the rock and roll renaissance? MGM made some bad guesses.

MGM bought the Boston Sound—"Boss Town" they called it—literally bought it, signing as many groups as possible to incredible contracts, tossing money around like confetti. Now, at the end of fiscal 1968, you might well ask what ever happened to the Boss Town Sound? And to most of the other groups that MGM purchased? And all the other contracts and production schemes and deals the company set in motion to cash in on rock?

The answer came in September, when MGM fired its record division president and set in motion a complete staff reorganization. Since then, the flow of records out of MGM has diminished to barely a trickle.

Electrocution

OTTAWA—Playing in wet socks and no shoes guitarist Clement Joseph, 24, was electrocuted two weeks ago during a performance in Fort St. James, British Columbia.

According to the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, Joseph was killed by a 300-volt shock from the guitar's faulty amplifier. Three others playing the same guitar at other times got no jolt because they were wearing shoes.



3 DOG NIGHT

JUST ONE OF
THE IMPRESSORS
ON DUNHILL



AND HEAVY

Random Notes

—Continued from Page 4

explained that a "rainy day woman" was well known to be a joint, although no one who ever held one heard of that)—has given a new "Not Recommended" to "Cloud Nine," a new single by the Temptations. The Gavin sheet, a radio-programming guide, said this about the song:

"Getting 'a million miles away from reality' high up on 'cloud nine' could conceivably imply cave dwelling, hypotism or even religious ecstasy, but to me the implication of a drug-induced retreat into the never-never land of mind-distorted illusion seems inescapable. Stations prize their respectable image in the community should refer the record to management for a policy interpretation."

The Temptations! Of all people! Really!

Now that the Byrds are down to the single enduring wingbone of Roger McGuinn, some of the former Byrds have gotten together a group to be called the Flying Burrito Brothers. Members are Gram Parsons and Chris Hillman, the two who most recently left the Byrds; Sneaky Pete, who left some time back; Chris Ethridge, who used to be with Judy Collins; and Jon Corneal, who was drummer with Parsons' old group, the International Submarine Band. The Flying Burritos have signed with A&M.

The Nazz flew to London at the beginning of the month to spend a month cutting a record there. After one session the British Musicians' Union revoked their work permit, explaining they had understood the Nazz to be only a vocal group. Nazz manager John Kurland commented: "The whole thing is ridiculous when you realize we were going to spend \$70,000 here and had intended to employ 60 British musicians." The Nazz, now completely hung up for recording, are sticking around for another two or three weeks in hopes of getting MU approval to make TV and personal appearances.

Fresh from filming the Rolling Stones in *Performance*, Jean-Luc Godard will begin *An American Movie* in a few days with Jefferson Airplane and Black militant Eldridge Cleaver. Theme of the flick will be, as usual, the relation of reality and illusion, with shots of the real people followed by equally long recreations of their actions by professional actors. The Airplane is reportedly very excited about it all, being stone Godard fans. Godard for his part has said, "The Jefferson Airplane is the only rock group in the world that is me." His is the first film offer the Airplane has accepted. Soundtrack will be by Jefferson Airplane, of course.

Mick Begs Off On LP Cover

LONDON—"I've lost interest in that situation," says Mick Jagger of the controversy over the Stones' proposed ballroom-graffiti album cover, which has been finally turned down by Decca/London Records in favor of a simple and uncontroversial one.

"It's been a complete waste of energy," Mick told the New Musical Express. "We agreed to them using a different sleeve in the end and it still hasn't been realized yet. They change their minds all the time about it—come and go!"

Unofficial word from London Records, however, is that *Beggar's Banquet* will be released in a matter of days, some time around November 20th. The new cover will be an open invitation card to join the "beggar's banquet"—vividly and dingily illustrated on the inside cover.

Jagger promises a new single by Christmas, perhaps featuring the sound of his newly-bought Moog Synthesizer. Says Mick, "I haven't written anything yet, but we'll do it the usual way by getting it together in the studio at the time."



LAY OFF DYLAN'S 'TARANTULA,' LAWYERS TELL STRAIGHT

NEW YORK—Bob Dylan's lawyers have demanded that the Canadian underground newspaper *The Georgia Straight* cease and desist unauthorized publication of Bob Dylan's once-upon-a-time novel, *Tarantula*. The Vancouver tabloid had been serializing portions of the unpublished work, and it had been picked up and published by other underground newspapers in the United States.

Tarantula was to have been published two years ago by Macmillan in book form; however, displeased with the work, Dylan declined to have it published or finish work on it after it had neared the final proofs stage. Since that time, xerox copies of xerox copies of page proofs have been floating around, although not generally available.

Dylan's lawyers said in a letter to the *Georgia Straight*:

"It has come to our client's attention that your publication has printed excerpts from the said literary property without any authorization whatever. We hereby demand that you forthwith cease and desist from any further publication thereof . . . Moreover, in view of the apparent fact that the publication of *Tarantula* by you has caused and may be so presently causing other publications to do the same thing, we hereby demand that you notify all such publications to cease and desist from any further conduct violative of Mr. Dylan's rights."

The *Georgia Straight* editorialized that they had, by their unauthorized publication of the unfinished manuscript, "freed a revolutionary work of art from the death-grip of a few money-grubbing corporate zombies in New York . . . the *Straight* would like to challenge these laws which make a valuable piece of writing the exclusive property of a gang of crooks and liars-lawyers."

In its revolutionary zeal, the *Straight* neglected to find out that the work is the property of Bob Dylan and it was Dylan himself who caused it not to be published, as is the artist's prerogative. On the other hand, it may be the prevalent view that Dylan is indeed one of the "money-grubbing corporate zombies in New York" as well as a member of "a gang of crooks and liars."

Moral: The so-called revolution, at least as interpreted by the *Georgia Straight*, apparently has no sensitivity to, and even less regard for, artists and their work.

NEW YORK—Daily Variety, the show biz weekly, has reported that Ashley Famous Agency, the booking agency with which Bob Dylan's manager Albert Grossman is affiliated, is offering a Dylan concert to promoters for a guarantee of \$50,000 against a percentage of the gross receipts.

Grossman has turned down offers on

this scale during the past year, despite the success of tours by other top rock acts such as Cream. The offer on the part of Ashley Famous may be part of a campaign of theirs and Grossman's to convince Dylan that a major tour could be arranged, one which would be very highly successful in terms of money. Dylan's concerts in the past have been booked by his own firm, Ashes and Sand, rather than private promoters. Promoters are now talking about a ten city tour with the possibility of adding more dates, according to Variety.

Greta Garbo may also come out of retirement to do a series of personal appearances. The Swedish film star who wanted only "to be alone" after continued press invasions of her life is rumored to be considering a series of lavish stage shows, possibly with Dylan, but only "in the best of taste."

EVICION TIME FOR FAMILY DOG

SAN FRANCISCO—The Family Dog, which two weeks ago lost its permit to hold dances at the Avalon Ballroom, has been given notice of eviction by the Scottish Rite Temple, owners of the Avalon building.

Family Dog president Chet Helms is waging war. He called a press conference at the Avalon and told two dozen newsmen that since he was "the first longhair in San Francisco to get a license to do anything other than drive a cab," he feels a responsibility to longhairs everywhere to triumph over the "unwarranted" harassment.

Rallying to Helms at his press conference were representatives of the American Federation of Musicians, the chamber of commerce, the local recording industry, local merchants—and Helms' prime competitor, Bill Graham, operator of the Fillmore East and West.

Graham said Family Dog's importance to the artistic and economic well-being of the city made it mandatory that the Avalon not be shut down. But, he was asked, if they can harass Helms out of business won't they be encouraged to try the same with Graham and the Fillmore? Graham hesitated a moment, then said:

"I can give you a nasty answer to that—don't get a New York boy in the gutter."

The local president of the musicians' union said the continued operation of the Avalon was a must for his constituency; Mort Feld of McCune Sound told how the recording industry was setting up big studios in San Francisco "but we're in danger of killing a brand new San Francisco industry, if we can't

More Changes For the Byrds On 7th LP

LOS ANGELES—The Byrds have experienced another drastic reshuffling of personnel within the last several weeks and, as a consequence, Roger McGuinn is the only remaining original Byrd.

The present group is Roger McGuinn on guitar, Clarence White on guitar, John York on bass and Gary Parsons on drums. This group has been together about a month.

The last drummer, Kevin Kelly, left when the Byrds' management became dissatisfied with his instrumental ability. Chris Hillman, the group's bassist for over three and one-half years, who is Kelly's cousin, left soon afterwards of his own volition. (He is now working with another ex-Byrd, Gram Parsons, on a country-music project.)

The new Byrds have gone into the studios to record the group's seventh original album. They are now being produced by Bob Johnston in both Los Angeles and Nashville.

The new record is shaping up as partly an extension of the Byrds' last country LP, *Sweetheart of the Rodeo*. The material being cut has primarily a country flavor with the Byrds' ever-present touch added. Some of the titles already in the can include "Drug Store Truck Drivin' Man," "Your Gentle Ways of Lovin' Me," an instrumental called "Nashville West," "Stanley's Song" and what will probably be a side of their next single, "Old Blue."

In the same sessions, the group has recorded a few departures from their recent country orientation. Included in this bunch are Dylan's "Whelch's On Fire," McGuinn's "Bad Night at the Whiskey" and "King Apathy III."

In concert, despite the change in membership, the Byrds have managed to retain a good deal of their traditional sound. This is done through the use of McGuinn's distinctive voice and 12 string guitar and the use of three-part harmonies. In their present form they made their debut at the Whiskey a Go Go in Hollywood and are now performing in various locales between recording dates.

The new album is not expected to be released for several months, but the single is due shortly.



Chet Helms, Longhair

keep the ballrooms open, where the bands can develop"; and there was general agreement that Family Dog is a positive force for the good of all.

None of which altered the eviction notice, nor made Family Dog's chances for regaining its permit any brighter. Local merchants have charged that Family Dog's clientele piss in the street and throw debris around, and that the Avalon runs late and loud.

Helms vigorously denies all these complaints but says he's discovered "that it is not yet enough simply to stand up and make a true statement."

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David Peel & the lower east side	

PERSPECTIVES: DUCK, BOY, WHEN YOU HEAR FLACK

BY RALPH GLEASON

Parkinson's Law, reduced to its simplest terms, says that work expands to accommodate those available to do it. This accounts for the numerous people employed to do one person's job anywhere in the world that someone has a vested interest in maximum employment. So far to my knowledge no one has applied it to discussing the pop music world, but it is certainly easy to see at work there, once you are hip to the concept.

The syndrome is pure Hollywood cinemascopia. It is a hangover from the golden era of the movie business and it says that no property can exist on its own without ancillary arms whose work capacity expands to the amount of money available to pay them.

This means that every budding rock-pop singer and/or group sprouting under the yellow cloud of Hollywood has to have a press agent.

Nobody calls them press agents any more. They are promotion people and their job is to get paid by the group or performer (as much as the traffic will bear) for having inserted themselves in between the performer and some media (for which read magazine, newspaper, TV or radio) person who might mention or write about them or play their records.

Usually it is a firm and one press agent is an account executive, a semantic device wherein they gather to themselves some of the formal status of an advertising agency factotum, the press agent being a combined pimp and salesman, who sells his agency to a client and then baby-sits the account.

In addition to the press agent/public relations office, the group or performer today comes complete with a manager, an accountant or tax consultant (supplied by the manager but paid for by the talent), a road manager (equipment managers are optional depending on the size of the group and the weight whose load must be taken off Fanny), and, glorious! glorious! a producer!

A producer is so high in the hagiography of the pop world that many groups insist on the right to decide about him (are there any 'her' producers?) in their contract with the company; sometimes they get the right to name the producer, the right to veto the producer or to produce the records themselves.

A producer is not an engineer. He is a guide, like Jim Bowie, who speaks both to the settlers and the Indians and, hopefully, can translate the desires of one through the heads of the other into the finished product.

There are, I suppose, reasons for producers. Some of them actually seem to serve a function, but the rest of the Parkinson-personnel is another matter. Groups acquire managers before they can play four tunes and press agents as soon as they sign for an album. Sometimes the press agents do the job the booking agency is supposed to do—get them on the Joey Bishop show (this is good?) or Hollywood Palace, etc., etc.

But mainly, press agents produce flack (hence "flackery" for publicity office and "flack" for press agent). Flack is a word coined in World War II to describe the explosions of anti-aircraft shells through which U. S. and British bombers (a la "Twelve O'Clock High") wove their anguished passage to Berlin or wherever. Flack is a good word for the output of press agents. It can be lethal.

To date, aside from factual information in the form of one sentence statements, nothing I have ever received from any press agent in the world of music has ever been useful to me in writing a column, with the single sole exception of the statistics and occasional episodes in a biography.

Years ago I was, for a brief moment, film reviewer for Glamour. It was then necessary to register with the office of the motion picture industry in Hollywood, be finger printed, photographed, Norman Mailer and Maxwell Taylor and to have separate identity cards from each of the major studios. These cards were good for everything but seeing flicks, the one thing a critic ought to be doing. My first month on the job I went berserk in Hollywood. I never saw a flick. All that happened was that flacks kept saying "let's go to lunch and talk about it." Finally, I just went out on the street and went to the movies for a week.

Now the same thing is cropping up in the pop field. Taking their bid from the Hollywood exponents of Parkinson's Law and other make-work theories, the flacks send out telegrams of invitations to cocktail parties for the artists, invitations to fly to L.A. for the premiere of a new group (like the movie wherein they

fly the film critic to North Pole, Montana, for the premiere) and set up endless appointments and formalize the most casual of arrangements, all in the interests of proving they have a function to perform.

This is all a process of being LA-ed, I am afraid. And a great deal of it is absolutely useless, like a great deal of the flacks' flack.

The reason it exists at all is that the rock performers fundamentally, with very few exceptions, have so little faith in their new world that they believe in their hearts it is necessary to do it the way it has been done. Putting on a hotel men's shop turtle-neck and a gift shop medallion won't make hippies out of these people. They will always be what they are. No matter what they eat, incidentally, Alice B. Toklas to the contrary.

Recently a group went to Hollywood to cut its first album, surrounded by all the echelons of flacks and managers and the rest. They stayed in a house with so many rooms they couldn't use them all. And the money flowed like a spring rain.

This is not the exception any more. It is beginning to be the rule and it involves ego ("if the Beatles can do it, we can too") and it involves the age-old concept of the honest man.

"You can't cheat an honest man" is only half the saying. The rest is "You have to have larceny in your soul to get cheated." This is con man's wisdom. They always appeal to the larceny in your soul and you get cheated in any swindle because you smell the chance of getting something for nothing.

None of the ritual and paraphernalia now attracting itself to rock music, from billboards on Sunset Boulevard, 42nd Street and elsewhere, to full page ads in trade papers and so on, is worth three dried stems and a seed. It's all an ego trip. Nobody wants to believe it, I suppose, but the hard truth is that the only thing that really counts is the music. The rest comes later, if it comes at all and you can't sell a group with flack and you can't sell a record with bribes. Even the Monkees had something and all the junkies the Beach Boys paid for to answer the question "Is Brian Wilson a Genius?" left that vital point hanging. And if it is still hanging after two years, why then the answer is "no" and all the flack was in vain.



**Jerry Jeff
Walker's
new album
"Mr. Bojangles"
is available on
Atco Records**



LEONARD SCHAEFFER AND HIS DOG

My younger brother Leonard is 18 years old. Until now, his singing has been limited to purposes of our family's entertainment. I remember the night 14 years ago when he whispered down from his lower bunk that he wanted to be a singer. I said, "I'd like to see you do it." He sang "Sid Caesar" with his rendition of "Smokey The Bear." I told him to go to sleep.

Leonard was five when he wrote his first song. It's funny that I remember the exact way it went.

"A horse is big, it's true indeed.

A cow is big, that's true indeed.

But what about the little things

That jump about the candy rings and have

Such a wonderful time, that they almost forget
their bottle of wine."

Our father, the pianist, said, "Music's a good profession, Len." Our mother, the children's story writer, said, "Stories are nice as long as you make people use their imaginations." Our mother's father, the splendidly voiced Chazan from Russia, said, "Sing, Leonard, for it is our family's heritage to please ears." Our mother's mother, the woman who loved, said, "Lenny, you should only be happy in what you do."

Maybe, in time, Leonard will know if he knows us or that old vaudevillian Grampa Schaeffer, who toured the Orpheum Circuit when he was young. I hope so.

—David Schaeffer

STEREO



Leonard Schaeffer



and his dog





Joan

BY JOHN GRISSIM, JR.

"I don't want to be the world's oldest living folk singer . . . but yet I'm just amazed that it took me so long to break loose. I think it's always been a feeling of guilt that if what I'm doing is not directly connected with revolution that I shouldn't be taking the time to do it."

Joan Baez was tired but exuberant. The Nashville recording session had been a complete success, the Berkeley concert was sold out and David would shortly return from a speaking tour for the Resistance. It was old home week in Carmel Valley and the Spanish stucco Institute for the Study of Non-Violence shown with white-washed brilliance in the Indian summer sun. In such a pastoral setting it was hard to imagine the rancorous dispute which the school's founding had precipitated three years earlier. But now the local citizenry no longer equated non-violence with subversion and loose living.

Nor would the public much longer associate Joan with the narrowly circumscribed folk idiom which she had explored with such brilliance. She has reached a crossroads as a performer and as a person. The music in her life has been infused with a new dynamism and a new relevance. The feeling of guilt has given way to a new self-identity.

In an odd way her presence contrasted sharply with the atmosphere of the Institute, which vaguely resembled a hip Friends meeting house. A substantial library of paperbacks lined the walls of the spacious room, books whose titles evoked an air of crisis and moral outrage. But her smile was contagious and her laughter banished the implicit admonition to speak with serious purpose at all times.

Sitting with uncommon grace in a straight backed chair, Joan presented a deceptive appearance. Her diminutive stature was exaggerated by short, shag-cut hair which now replaced shoulder length locks. A tweed skirt and a turtle-neck pullover gave her a stylish, almost mousy look. But the similarity with convention stopped there. She spoke with an arresting clarity of thought, moving from music to philosophy to revolution with casual ease. In a voice rich in overtones she exuded a warmth of spirit, a mature idealism, and, predictably, an absolutely screaming sense of humor. She was unquestionably a woman of international stature whose every movement, thought and gesture authenticated inseparable commitments to her art and to non-violence.

She spoke of fulfilling both through concert appearances sponsored by the Resistance. But by her

own admission Nashville was something else again. Joan has gone country.

"I've just spent a week and a half in music land and I've never separated myself that much from the rest of the world. There's no easier place to do it than in Nashville."

By any measure the session was extraordinary. Two days of six hour stints were followed by nine and a half hours the third night. Then four hours sleep and back again for another nine hours. A final three hour take on the fifth day wrapped it up. Arrangements were pulled together in a fashion typical of Nashville's incomparable session men.

"I'd sit down and say 'the song goes like this' and this cat named Grady Martin who's the grand old man of music—everybody calls him Chief—would point his guitar at the boys . . . they're all poker faced and for the first couple of days I didn't know *what* they were thinking—bored stiff or what . . . and he'd drawl, 'Y'all take a turn 'round thar and then take a lil' riff and then some fiddlin' that OK with yew sweetheart? OK ladies 'n gentlemen let's begin . . .'"



It was exceptionally OK. Altogether the session produced three LP's, two of which will very probably be a double album release of Dylan compositions. Though it will contain several songs already published, including "Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands," "North Country Blues" and two selections from Big Pink, the majority are new. The second release, already titled *David's Album*, includes traditional "Hank Williams" country and western tunes such as "Green Grass At Home," songs by Joan and her sister Mimi, and a composition by guitarist Steve Sills, formerly of Buffalo Springfield. It had been an incredibly prolific week.

"You know all that was impossible without something coming in. We were doing old Dylan stuff, new Dylan stuff. I just felt completely free to do any crazy thing I wanted to."

She recalled several occasions in which the fiddle playing was so beautiful and so lonesome that she would stop in the middle of a song and cry.

"I've never let myself have a musical experience like that. So I must have really been doing something right. At the end it was like summer camp. Everybody was teary-eyed and didn't want to go home."



The idea for an album of Dylan compositions had been brewing for several months and had dovetailed nicely with Vanguard's suggestion that the recording be made in Nashville. Joan had begun the Dylan album, intending to do only a single LP but quickly realized it would only begin to do the composer justice.

Dylan commands boundless admiration from Joan, a feeling which had been important at Nashville. "He's brilliant. Even when he writes crap, it's brilliant." "John Wesley Harding" was beautiful but mingled with its weird, apocalyptic vision she sensed the specter of death.

"I thought he was going to die, but I kept it to myself. 'The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest' is beautiful but it has lines like he saw 'a house as bright as any sun.' It all frightened me. I had absolutely no idea what it meant because I haven't seen Bobby for two years. But it sounded as though from the motorcycle accident that something was going to happen."

As she spoke her hands would now and again rise from her lap to animate her thoughts, shape an idea or communicate a mood. In her book *Daybreak* she recounts a childhood recollection of an awakening knowledge of her beauty, describing her hands as those "of an Indian princess." She now used them almost unconsciously with remarkable expressiveness.

While Nashville had been very productive, the trip had not been made as part of any grand design to search out the ethnic roots of Country and Western.

Baez

Typically the motive was straightforward.

"I like to do everything. And though I like to sing I'm just square enough to need an excuse. David once said some day I ought to make a Country and Western album. Whoopee!"

This may not amount to jumping on the hay wagon trend in pop music, but it does imply a disavowal of any real influence which many say Joan Baez once had in music. But then her own self-appraisal differed markedly from critics who have inferred a great deal from very little.

"With that whole folk music boom, I started a wave and then sat on the shore because I'm not interested in sports. I never really kept up with the world of music. I don't read the books, and today I'm really about three years behind. I don't even like the new sounds until about a year later."

If by her reckoning she lags behind the trends, it is only because she has willfully relegated music to a secondary role in her life. And that role has increasingly been as a vehicle to communicate the philosophy of non-violence. In a real sense the artistry of Joan Baez has been from the outset of such classic proportions as to make its comparison with the out-



pourings of the convoluted, hyperbolic world of pop music meaningless.

She may never have been as influential as the Beatles or the Stones, but her role in recent history has not been that of a pop heroine, but rather as a purveyor of a rayoned social consciousness and responsibility. Richard Farina once described her as "offering contemporaries a new musical legacy . . . that threatened to become the most constructive and morally consistent in the nation's history." The vintage Baez image was that of a courageous child of darkness, carrying the message with a pure voice and selecting from a repertoire restricted to ballads which the goodly Professor Childs had stamped as undeniably authentic.

Those were the days when the collective moral and political consciousness of a student generation was just awakening. In the beginning that generation listened intently to the harbingers of revolution—to Baez and to Dylan. Still, there was a feeling of uncertainty and neither the performer or the audience had learned to be completely relaxed with each other. Six years ago at a Berkeley concert, Joan interrupted the ritualistic silence she maintained between songs to announce that she was having so much fun she would remove her sandals. The auditorium erupted in applause. Young people were still a little up tight.

Since then the social revolution has begun in earnest. Both Joan and her audience have grown older together, and now the dual thrusts of radical political action and the new rock have challenged her to evolve

musically and develop a new relationship with a younger generation which now regards non-violence as functionally unworkable and, anyhow, unfashionable.

Musically the challenge has been a difficult one. Two years ago, in an attempt to move away from the strictly traditional, Joan recorded a rock album, only to turn thumbs down on the project.

"It wasn't any good artistically and didn't say anything. What less could you ask of a record?"

Working with material with which she was more familiar, and using more orchestration, she has since then produced a series of albums which though excellent have been rather dull. It was only when she turned to contemporary writers such as Lennon, McCartney and Dylan that she was able to develop a repertoire which is once again exciting and relevant. Today her concerts are a remarkably different from the past. She more often than not appears in bare feet, regales her audiences with jail stories and often introduces her songs with autobiographical anecdotes. Communication is relaxed and virtually one to one.

As a public personality, she has allowed herself to



become more knowable, less angelic and more human. She has laid wreaths at the Hiroshima memorial in Japan on the one hand and snuck backstage to rap with the Beatles on the other. She has endured the tragic loss of a brother-in-law, marched in Grenada, Mississippi, done time in jail, founded a school, written a book and married a man she dearly loves. She has come a long way from Cambridge coffee houses and in so doing has shaped and refined her personal approach to music.

She recalled her discussion of music and musicians in a recent article she had written for *Jazz and Pop*.

"What I was saying in effect was there are two approaches to music. One is 'Man, I'm a musician and I got nuthin' to do with politics. Just let me do my own thing.' And the other is that music's going to save the world. It's like vegetarians who think some crazy thing will happen and we're all going to be saved. I think that music is somewhere in between. It's important, because A. it's beautiful and it's neat to have beautiful things in a world that's falling apart and deteriorating and ugly, and B. a song is a good chance to express something. I hate protest songs, but some songs do make themselves clear . . . and make yourself clear."

It is out of her desire to create music which is both intrinsically beautiful and relevant to the times that she has explored the realm beyond folk music. *Baptism*, her latest, is a disparaging collection of essentially anti-war poetry and prose. It is, to say the least, relevant.

"It was a political statement . . . very message, and I thought, relatively tasteful. I wanted poems that had some meaning to them, and of course this meant selecting poets who saw both sides, including the futility, the sadness and despair. I didn't want people at the end of the record to say 'Whew! That's groovy.' Because it isn't groovy. It's all a big mess, I think it's a good record, but I don't expect it to sell well."

In a real way an album such as *Baptism* was inevitable. As an artist Joan Baez nearly ten years ago touched a resonant chord in the conscience of her following. As a human being she has since then given of her energies to numerous civil rights causes, to non-violence as a way of life, and more recently, to those who face imprisonment for refusing induction. In the process she married former Stanford University student body president David Harris, one of the most vocal and effective leaders of the Resistance.

Esquire called it the political marriage of the year. If so it was irrelevant to the parties concerned. Like

—Continued on Next Page





—Continued from Preceding Page

her husband, Joan is a political animal by nature. To be otherwise is to be spiritually dead. Political action was the catalyst which brought them together and it will soon be responsible for their physical separation. She expects her husband to begin a three year term in February for refusing induction.

As a couple the David Harris's have barnstormed colleges and universities all over the country, singing, rapping and organizing. It has been an effective combination. David's skill as an organizer has put the Resistance on its feet in many states and his wife has contributed half or more of the money earned from many concerts to help sustain local Resistance groups.

Implicit in Joan's description of her husband's work is ample evidence that her marriage to "an old Fresno hillbilly" has had a significant and salutary effect in her life.

Involvement in the Resistance has contributed a strong sense of urgency and excitement to Joan's concerts. Recently at an appearance in Portland, Oregon, she described seeing a shaggy haired young man walk to the center of the stage just as she was returning for an encore.

"He said, 'Hey man, can I say something?' I thought Oh my God he's going to talk about the 72 Karma Sutra positions. But he had two cards in his hand and he faced the audience and said 'This is my classification card and my draft card and I don't want them any more.' He threw them up in the air and walked off the stage to a standing ovation."

Though his name was never mentioned as she talked of the Institute and the Resistance, Gandhi emerged as the elemental spirit which clearly dominated her world. Whether communicated through song or pure political action, the distinction between violence and non-violence was a principal objective. Joan described this as the basis for a book which David hoped to finish before his imprisonment.

"It's trying to explain that we believe ends and means are the same thing. David uses the logic not of, If A then B, rather If A then A. If you act in a violent fashion, somehow expecting B to come about by acting like A, it's not going to work. . . . There are those who say that to bring peace, and freedom democracy to a small country we have to wipe out a few small villages. However, that's only a means. But it's very much an end for everyone in that village. And often very much of an end for the guy who dropped the bomb."

The same philosophy was reiterated as the discussion turned to the Black Panthers. She much agreed with their description of the race problem but was totally at odds with the methods advocated to solve it. For the present, the method was all that was happening, either talking about the method or the method itself.

"It's kind of funny. If I met Eldridge Cleaver we'd probably laugh and jive and talk. And then he'd call some cop a pig and I'd say 'Oh God, Eldridge, why did you have to do that?' I know we'd get along but if it got down to anything basic we'd have to part company, because I couldn't call a policeman a pig and carry guns around and lock car doors."

Living with such purpose and conviction has placed a premium on effective communication, nearly always an elusive commodity. But through it the Harris's seek a revolution of change.

"It has nothing to do with all the pictures we keep seeing of revolution. What usually happens when people start talking about it is that by the time you've got the word half way out it's already deteriorated into throwing stuff at policemen. And that's not revolution. The only one change we can make is whether we have enough insight to begin living lives that don't mean murdering off three quarters of the rest of the world."

Ironically, if the long delay in Joan Baez's move toward a more innovative expression in her music could be attributed to any one thing, it would have to be her commitment to this revolution. But the move has happened. She has cut loose.

"Yeah, I cut my hair."

And in the process she has made a completely satisfying break with the restrictions of the folk genre. Perhaps because of this, and because of the lingering mood of Nashville, she could say this was the first time in her life she felt like talking about music. The future was alive with possibilities.

"You have to be free floating in music or just get in a bind. I like to do it all, but most important is to try to find a way to have it all make sense. The most important thing to me is—no matter what point it was in Nashville and no matter how many good or bad records I make—the important thing is to get people to stop murdering each other."

Her music will probably never be anything less than relevant. Though *David's Album* is strictly Country and Western, the liner notes will make abundantly clear why her husband is in jail.

"And wait'll you hear the Country and Western version of 'Carry It On.'"



BARON WOLMAN

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, JOANIE?

March 1963—Refuses to appear on ABC's "Hootenanny" because of that network's blacklisting of folksinger Pete Seeger.

April 1964—In a letter addressed "Dear Friends," informs "Eternal Revenue Service" she will not pay the 60% portion of taxes on her 1963 earnings which will be used for defense spending.

November 1964—IRS files a \$50,182 lien against her for non-payment of 1963 taxes.

April 1965—Announces her refusal to pay 60% of tax due on her 1964 earnings.

—Informs Mormon church officials she will refuse to again appear at the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City unless it changes its policy towards negroes.

—Leads anti-war demonstration in front of the White House.

July 1965—Reveals plans to convert a former schoolhouse in Carmel Valley, California into the Institute for the Study of Non-Violence. Nearly 450 local residents sign petition to protest expected invasion of "hippies and free love subversives."

November 1965—After a bitter 4 hour debate, Monterey County Board of Supervisors OK's a school use permit for Institute but attaches numerous restrictions.

December 1965—IRS files a \$37,000 lien against her for non-payment of 1964 taxes.

—Informs local officials she intends to defy school restrictions, claiming use permits are not required for institutes.

April 1966—Leads [Easter day] anti-war march in West Germany.

—Gives a studio performance for an East German television audience.

September 1966—Joins silent march in Grenada, Mississippi to protest beatings of black elementary school children by parents of white students. Marched blocked by police at school grounds.

December 1966—Performs in Santa Monica, California at a benefit for striking Delano farm workers.

—Announces an increase to 75% of income taxes she will refuse to pay due to war escalation.

—Participates in Christmas vigil at San Quentin Penitentiary to urge commutation of death sentences for 64 death row prisoners.

January 1967—Demands a retraction from Li'l Abner cartoonist Al Capp for his Joanie Phoebe comic

strip parody of her peace activities, claiming the strip is damaging to the movement.

—Signs a Japan-U.S. Civil Pact condemning war as representative of America at a Tokyo anti-war rally.

February 1967—Japanese press reports that during her concert tour of Japan, CIA pressured Miss Baez' interpreter to mistranslate her political remarks under threat of refusing his future entry into U.S.

August 1967—Receives permission to give free concert at base of the Washington Monument after Daughters of the American Revolution refuse to let her use the DAR-owned Constitution Hall (capacity 3800) because of her "unpatriotic activities."

—Appearing before 30,000 at the Washington Monument, she thanks the DAR for denying her use of the hall.

September 1967—Helps organize a national draft card turn-in day for 500 members of the Resistance.

October 1967—Arrested along with her mother, sister Mimi Farina and 700 others at Armed Forces Examining Center in Oakland, California. Charged with refusing to disperse, creating a public nuisance and blocking a public street. All three receive ten day jail sentences at Santa Rita Prison Farm.

December 1967—Arrested along with 190 others at the Oakland Induction Center for similar violations. Sentenced to 90 days at Santa Rita, 45 days of which are suspended.

—Christmas Day, leads over half the women inmates in a one day fast against the war.

January 1968—Released prior to completed sentence before press could be notified because prison officials feel "rehabilitation has been accomplished."

January 1968—Federal district court judge dismisses \$50,000 suit against the government filed by Baez and 49 other members of Tax Payers Against the War.

March 1968—Begins college tour with 22 year old Resistance Leader David Harris, urging girls to say yes to boys who say no.

—Marries David Harris in New York in a ceremony adapted from the Canadian book of prayer in honor of draft resisters who have emigrated to that country.



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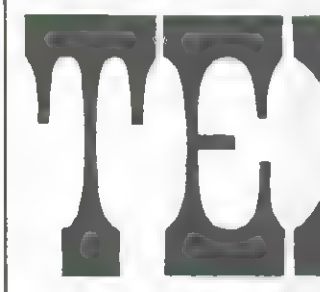
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featuring their newest album ...Undead



BY LARRY SEPULVADO
AND JOHN BURKS

Texas is a drag—nearly every musician who comes from there agrees it's a drag—but the fact is that some of the heaviest, funkier rock available today is Texas music: Janis Joplin, Steve Miller, Mother Earth, the Sir Douglas Quintet—the list of fine Texas rock and roll musicians goes on and on.

It's hard for a non-Texan to understand how so much that's good could come out of such a wrong place. Janis Joplin has said of the Lone Star State: "Texas is okay if you want to settle down and do your own thing quietly, but it's not for outrageous people, and I was always outrageous. In Texas, I was a beatnik, a weirdo. I got treated very badly in Texas. They don't treat beatniks too good there."

You hear the same thing from musician after musician. But there's so much fine music there, a beautiful heritage.

Doug Sahm, Sir Douglas of the Sir Douglas Quintet, learned to play guitar, he says, sitting in a big open field during the hot summer evenings of his childhood and adolescence in Austin, from the age of 11. He was too young to be allowed inside the Eastwood Country Club—not so much a country club as a blues joint—so he'd sit outside in the still of the night and absorb all the music he could. "Man, they'd open after one at night and everybody would play there. Junior Parker, dig, Junior would play there and, I mean, he's so good. That's where I learned guitar, man. Just sittin' in that field alongside the Eastwood Country Club. Little Willie John would be there. I used to hear Willie John doing 'Fever,' man, you could hear that voice driftin' across the field. Um-hum. T-Bone Walker! That's where I learned guitar, all that music driftin' out into the night."

[SCREWED RIGHT AND LEFT]

"See, in Texas, everybody, black and white, digs the blues. Everybody accepts it," Steve Miller explains. His upbringing was unusual, but it illustrates the point. Dr. George Miller, Steve's father, was doctor to T-Bone Walker while the guitarist was growing up, and sometimes when T-Bone was short on bread he'd repay Dr. Miller by playing for him at parties. Steve would sit at the feet of the legendary black bluesman, taking in every note. There was never anything like a formal lesson, but the experience was enormously valuable.

"I don't want to say it was such a smooth scene for the colored cats," Miller says. "They were being screwed right and left and every other way. There was—there is—all kinds of segregation. But the music was all over the place. For eighty bucks you could hire all these outa sight black bands, and everybody did."

Another big influence on all Dallas's aspirant young white blues players was the midnight-to-five *Cats Caravan* program on WRR. "Oh, man, they used to play Lightnin' Hopkins and Freddie King and like Leadbelly and all these Texas people. And Jimmy Reed! He was in town all the time. That was my first thing, doing Jimmy Reed."

Miller had a working blues band in Dallas at the age of 12. At 16, nine years ago, he did some tapes of his band, and hearing the tapes now, Miller maintains they're as good as a lot of the stuff that's being sold at your local record store.

[RHYTHM & BLUES WAS OUR FOLK MUSIC]

"You hear these San Francisco cats play and it's stuff they got out of folk music. That's how it happened in San Francisco. You can hear all those folk guitar lessons," says Boz Scaggs.

"We had a different folk music in Texas. Rhythm and blues was our folk music and playing the blues was the natural thing. Everybody played the blues. So, you know, you come to San Francisco and there's very few cats on the West Coast here that ever play the blues. So it's not hard to tell who's from Texas when you're listening to some guys jamming."

Blues is all over Texas and the roots go deep. Blind

Lemon Jefferson came out of Wortham, turn of the century, with a moaning, crying blues style that set the tone for generations of Texas bluesmen. He often crossed the paths with Leadbelly, who, while Louisiana-born, worked the breadth of Texas and spread his message. Lightnin' Hopkins dug them both; learned at the feet of Blind Lemon, he has said. T-Bone Walker, born in Linden, raised in Waxahachie, was the first of the blues guitarists to make it nation-wide with heavy-selling recordings, years before B. B. King. Everybody dug Mance Lipscomb. New generations heard these men, absorbed what they had to say and developed the Texas genre. Buddy Holly, out of Lubbock, took it one direction. A young saxophone player from Fort Worth named Ornette Coleman gigged with Pee Wee Crayton's (and others') rhythm and blues band for a number of years, before he spun off into his own groove and created a revolutionary way of playing jazz.

No one tradition has produced all the rock players that are now coming out of Texas' vast expanses (267,339 square miles). Gospel—black and white—and hill-billy music coexist and mingle with the blues to form the common aural heritage of Lyndon Johnson's birth-state. Steve Miller's biggest treat as a kid was to go to the Big D Jamboree. "I loved it, man, all those hill-billy bands. It was like 6000 people a night, like the Fillmore or Dallas!"

Mother Earth hornman Martin Fierro, who's half-Indian and looks rather like Tonto, has played every kind of Texas music, including churches ("they let you bring your horn and jam, man, and it's so beautiful") and mariachi bands. "There were these two old ladies in this mariachi thing, man. Playing tambourine and accordion, that was all. But they burned—they burned. I sat in with them, man, and it was so good."

Cajun music out of Louisiana has also been an influence—men like the blues accordionist Clifton Chenier (who's recorded for Arhoolie) command respect among the Texas players.

[IT'S TOUGH FOR A LONGHAIR, MAN]

"One way you learn all these kinds of music is by playing it," says Touque & Groove bassist Terry Owens. "We'd always take any gig and play whatever it was supposed to be: country and western or blues or folk or soul. There was never any distinction. After a while it all comes naturally."

This explains why all those things fit together so well when Sir Douglas or Mother Earth voice their horns like a mariachi band, let the rhythm section fall into a rhythm and blues groove, sing country and western style, followed by a blues guitar solo. It sounds right because it's natural.

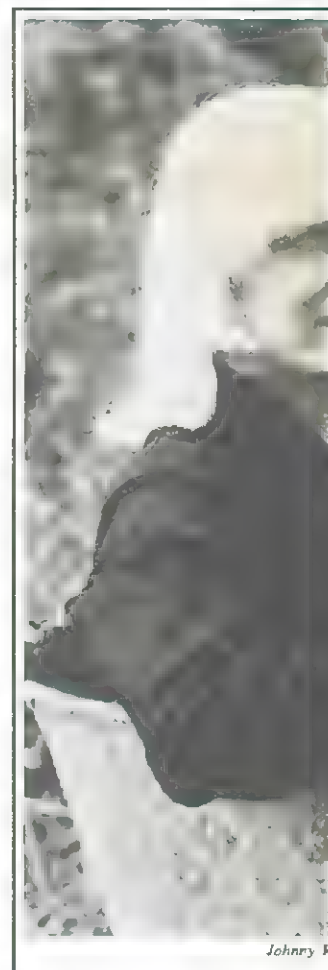
But blues—black blues—is basic to the Texas sound. He'd been a professional musician for seven or eight years before Doug Sahm really felt he'd made it. He went down to the Ebony Club in San Antonio one night to sit in with some black cats. "They dug us, man, they dug us. That's when we knew we were gettin' into somethin', when those colored cats said they dug us, and you could tell they really did."

There's so many good musicians in San Antonio, where Doug Sahm comes from, that you can, he says, get a black five-piece band "as good as anything you ever heard" for five or six dollars a man.

It's no easy life for a black musician in Texas, no matter how good he is.

Says Ed Guinn, bass player with the Conqueroo and a black man. "People are really weird back there. It's tough for a longhair. They treat longhairs just like they treat colored. And it can be tough for Negroes—particularly if you're some hot-head militant. In Texas you know you're a Nigger and if you act like one, everything's cool."

"Prejudice is the same everywhere," says Lonnie Castillo, drummer for Mother Earth, a black musician who just "came down" to San Francisco a couple of months ago. "But I'll tell you this, man, it's stronger in Texas. People are more together here. They want to know about you, yourself, and it don't matter so



Johnny



TEXAS



Henry Carr, Albino Bluesman

BILL MEYER

much anything except what you are." Texas isn't like that.

It's a clear-cut and very Southern racial thing most places in Texas. Everybody, white and black, knows his place. White folks and blacks keep pretty neatly divided. Except for the musicians. Boz Scaggs, formerly second guitarist with Steve Miller, tells of playing at every kind of club and roadhouse in Dallas and in his home town, Plano, 20 miles to the north. "It's really something they way the Negro people there just accept you. Specially if you can play. I mean, in Harlem, you go into a club to jam and there's this edge of violence to the whole thing. You can feel something violent about to happen. Among the musicians and the people who dig what they're doing, there's a friendly feeling in Texas. Family feeling."

(RED-NECK & HEAD-NECK HIPPIES)

Drummer Castille, who's played behind Wilson Pickett and others (including Archie Bell & the Drells, when he was in high school in Houston) professes to hear little difference in the way the best black bands and the best white bands play. "Sometimes, you can't tell whether it's white or Negro until you look." Lonnie admits to "copping a lot of stuff off white bands like the Jokers and Buddy White—some of those guys were hotter'n hell." Black or white, Castille says he can always tell whether a musician's from Texas. "Especially the rhythmic patterns and the dynamics the drummers use, man. Most drummers here [in San Francisco] play at a loud level all the time. In Texas you can't get away with that. You got to play what fits."

Texas is the home of red-neck hippies (those who drink Pearl beer and maybe sip a little Southern Comfort) and head-necks (same bunch except they take a lot of drugs). If you're literate you graduate from the University of Texas or spend a couple of semesters at the University of Houston (no difference except that you drink more wine) and then you split and don't tell anyone where you come from until you do something important.

Most notable of these is red/head-neck Janis Joplin, "the girl from Port Arthur who swore she wasn't never coming back," though some of her last engagements with the Holding Co. are scheduled in Texas. Janis is the balls of San Francisco but the addition of Texans Chet Helms and Steve Miller to the early San Francisco scene give cause and reason to keep Texas on your scorecard: there's always at least one pitcher warming up.

(A BETTER LAY THAN SAM ANDREW)

Self-appointed scorekeeper seems to be San Francisco's Henry Carr, a local producer and co-manager for Mother Earth, who is trying to accumulate all the West Coast Texas talent together. He has been somewhat responsible for the recent arrival of the Sir Douglas Quintet + 2. In addition, the Conqueroo featuring Fat Charlie on guitar and Super Spade on bass/flute and Shiva's Head Band featuring lead violin are the latest Texas arrivals.

Mother Earth is headed by harpist/songwriter Powell St. John and features Tracy Nelson, a heavy gospel singer on vocals. Powell, along with Janis, were frontrunners of the Ghetto folk scene at the University of Texas in the early Sixties. Both know that music's primary function is to move the body (e.g. girls restroom graffiti Fillmore West: "Powell St. John is a better lay than Sam Andrew"). Intellectual body rock seems to be a quality inherent in all of the West Coast Texas groups.

Presently Sir Doug is probably more important than Mother Earth. Though both groups are built along the same lines (simple R&B accented with tight horn sections), Sir Doug's group has been playing together for eight years. The two groups intend to establish a Stax/Volt sound with free exchange of musicians between the two groups at playing dates.

Sir Doug himself is a gas, ambling on stage with cowboy hat, boots, and jeans, and signals for his San Antonio horn section to break into the type of music that Bloomfield never attained with the Electric Flag

Though his album *Honkey Blues* lacks the crispness of live performance it is at least better than Mother Earth's embarrassing debut on the *Revolution* album. (Mother Earth's new *Living With The Animals* is a marked improvement.)

The hottest item outside of Janis Joplin, though, still remains in Texas. If you can imagine a hundred and thirty pound cross-eyed albino with long fleecy hair playing some of the gutsiest fluid blues guitar you have ever heard, then enter Johnny Winter. At 16, Bloomfield called him the best white blues guitarist he had ever heard. Now 23, Winter has been out and around for some time. At one time he and his identical twin brother, Edgar, had a group called the Black Plague, Edgar on tenor and at the keyboard.

Winter presently appears with a trio, and, like Janis, is backed by insufficient talent. Henry Carr might consider the possibilities of Winter and Joplin on the same stage. In addition to guitar, Winter also plays superb harp and has a fine hard blues voice. His visual and audible presence is a subtle parallel to Joplin's.

No question of it, the first name that comes to mind when you ask emigrant Texans about the good musicians that have stayed back home is Winter's. "Incredible," says Chet Helms of Family Dog. Almost inevitably, the second name you hear is Bobby Doyle, a blind pianist/singer/composer who comes across like Ray Charles and Hank Williams and several other people, but mainly Bobby Doyle. Then there's one very soulful tenor player and singer named Jerry LaCroix with a big soul band out of Beaumont and Houston called the Roogie Kings. And a songwriter-banjoist named John Clay, who's said to spend hours simultaneously watching TV, playing banjo, reading a book and writing songs like his amazing (but unrecorded) "On the Road to Mingus." There's John Roberts and the Hurricanes, a band that gets into a variety of things, all funky. Ray Sharpe, Cookie and the Cupcakes. The Valentine Brothers.

(["THEY'RE BURNING—THEY'RE ALL BURNING"])

Though the present rock scene in Texas is rather thin, important talent still lies with the self-contained individual singer/songwriter. Though categorically these people might be referred to as "folksingers" because of their nonelectric acoustical accompaniment, they escape that pigeonholing as easily as Tim Hardin or Arlo Guthrie.

Only Jerry Jeff Walker, with his "Mr. Bojangles" has achieved any sort of national recognition.

For several years the abilities of Townes Van Zandt, Guy Clark, Frank Davis, and several others have not even received widespread regional recognition. They have had to be content with the dwindling number of coffeehouses and "folk music" concerts. Since the Houston/Austin/Dallas triangle has been for the most part slow to acquire a discerning ear for contemporary music, it has only been recently that significant attention has been generated about their potential for prominence.

Discovered by Jack Clement, Townes Van Zandt is the most productive songwriter. Recent session work in Nashville produced an album on MGM's Poppy label entitled *For the Sake of a Song*. The label unfortunately included some of his weaker material and cluttered the selections with some easy listening Nashville production. Despite this, Peter, Paul, and Mary have included some of his performances into their repertoire.

Guitarmaker Guy Clark is a non-aggressive soft spoken person, and this is largely responsible for his anonymity. Guy's writing is musically very melodic and lyrically as poignant and straight forward as any songwriting being produced. Guy will soon go to Nashville with Jay Boyett (Townes' manager) to cut an album of original material that will hopefully be bought and distributed by a national label. The main emphasis though, will be to make other artists aware of his material for their consideration.

Presently a local engineer, Frank Davis has been

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T-Bone Walker

working sporadically for over a year on an album with Carolyn Terry for a local label. Frank is a frightening performer. His involvement in a song produces shivers more intense than Tim Hardin. Frank's problem though seems to be in keeping his activities focused on one thing long enough to sustain momentum. Being strungout though only adds to his charisma. Frank Davis is already there, it's just a matter of meeting him.

One gets the impression of enormous untapped resources of musical energy all over the state. "You take El Paso," says Mother Earth saxophonist Martin Fierro, "that's just a small city of about 300,000, but there's at least 25 rock and roll bands there, I've heard a lot of them, and they're burning—they're all burning. And nothing's ever going to happen to those cats unless they leave. They'll wind up in factories and in the fields. But those cats can play!"

[NEVER ASKED TO PLAY SAME PLACE TWICE]

Not that this is reflected by the current Texas pop scene. On one hand you have what Rick Barthelme terms Tanglewood Rock (college suburbanites too affluent to drop out (i.e. Fever Tree and the Five Americans and their contributions to clinical rock). The best of these though, the Moving Sidewalks, are the most commercial product in the South.

A certain amount of pollution is beginning to make itself felt in the Texas musical scene, Doug Sahm says. A lot of the blues players are hearing "all that freaky electronic pop stuff" that's made so much money for relatively lightweight pop groups outside Texas and are beginning to incorporate it into their music. "Some of the new bands are doing that," Sahm says, "but I don't think it's going to come to anything."

Whereas it is all in front for Winter and the Side Walks, it is all behind for the 13th Floor Elevators, one of the earliest of the "psychedelic" groups. At one time a tight powerful stage group, they are most prominent for their influence on the regional scene rather than for their music (though "Slip Inside This House" is an excellent piece of lyricism). The group has been significant in steering young groups from the traditional Gulf Coast sound taken by such people as B. J. Thomas, Roy Head, and Gene Thomas.

Probably one of the most unusual groups under contract anywhere is the Red Krayola (the "C" was dropped after the Crayola Co. filed suit) who have recorded two albums for the International Artists label. The original freak-out group, they are renowned for having never been asked to play the same place twice. Sparked by Rick Barthelme's flare for brilliance on their first album, the second album focuses on the acute cleverness of Mayo and Steve. Though the album is self-indulgent at times, the 22 songs express a wit judged on its own terms to be as direct as a B. C. comic strip.

Both the Elevators and the Red Krayola along with most regional groups are under contract to the International Artists label, the South's most formidable independent rock label. Through the efforts of president Bill Dillard, Lelan Rogers, and Ray Rush they have been responsible in three years for making I-A what it is today.

Huey P. Meaux remains a figure on the Houston scene. He's produced a good share of the hits that come out of Houston. An independent, his method of getting a session together at Gold Star Studios (Houston's funkiest) is highly individualistic. "Somebody will give him a phone call at two in the morning and suggest an idea to him," says Doug Sahm, "and Huey will get on the phone right away, getting musicians for the date. He doesn't wait a minute. Now, man—he does it right now. Might be three o'clock, you're still rubbing the sleep out of your eyes, this guy Huey is recording this thing, it works, don't ask me how."

[BLUSTERING SELF-RIGHTEOUS ASSHOLES]

The rather slow development of the regional groups has been the absence of a significant ballroom scene. In Texas, the most prominent are the Vulcan Gas Co. in Austin, the Catacombs and Love Street in Houston. The Houston Clubs suffer mainly from lack of atmosphere; the Catacombs because an under-21 club license, no air conditioning, and low ceiling makes it outmoded in concept and appeal, and Love Street be-



Eddie Adams, Shades of Joy

cause it is in the heart of Houston's hippie hangout (populated by Marion Brando types and lost identities with "groovy, stoned, and freaky" fixations).

An effort is presently being made to open a "Fillmore South" type ballroom. But in view of past attempts its success is doubtful.

So the funky thing that has happened is that there's a big growing market for Texas rock outside Texas, but not at home.

"It had been a closed little world back in Texas," says Martin Fierro of Mother Earth. "We all dug the music, but nobody outside Texas ever heard it. You can play Texas when you're away from there and everybody digs it. It's something special. But when you're there you don't sound that unusual, 'cause you're just doing what everybody does—Texas music."

Most non-Texans tend to think of Texas people as blustering self-righteous assholes, to state it bluntly. That's more or less Janis Joplin's view of the people around the oil refinery town of Port Arthur, where she grew up rebellious and rejected. "Man, those people hurt me," she recalls bitterly. She painted and read poetry, and that made her different, weird, a freak in the eyes of civilized Texans. "I had a lot of hurts and confusions. You know, it's hard when you're a kid to be different. You're all full of things and you don't know what it's about."

"It's not real easy to live there if you say what you think," says Steve Miller. "Everytime you go out in the street with long hair some fraternity boy or football player or something is going to start some kind of hassle."

[AN INSULT TO SOUTHERN WOMANHOOD]

Robert Sherill once wrote a book about modern-day Texans; he called them "The Super-Americans" and drew a picture of the American dream gone biologically wild, huge libraries built with oil well millions, magnificent edifices of knowledge, devoid of books and learning within; museums built in defiance of northern art circles, by Dallas society anxious to crash the best-dressed cities list, but empty of anything of artistic importance.

Thus Texas: once the property of Mexico, once the property of Sam Houston and Texas, now the property of the United States and Lyndon Johnson, John Connally, Jack Ruby, Lee Oswald, Billie Sol Estes and H. L. Hunt.

In many ways, Texas is still a frontier. The old virtues—toughness, conservatism—are cherished. Adventurousness is punished.

"The thing is, there's still all those people in Texas who aren't going to let you do anything unless you do it their way," explain Boz Scaggs. "You really gotta go through a lotta shit to find your own way. But, I don't know, maybe it's so bad that you see the alternatives to Texas a lot more clearly."

Just how Southern a place Texas is, is neatly illustrated by the fight Boz Scaggs and Steve Miller nearly provoked when they were in Dallas earlier this year. The two were leaving a drive-in burger joint when a high school jockstrap came roaring into the lot in his candy-apple red Corvette, girl friend at his side. In one hell of a hurry. Corvette's brakes locked, tires squealed, skidded right up onto a curb. "Slow the fuck down," Scaggs shouted as he and Miller drove off. "What did you say?" the jockstrap bellowed. "SLOW THE FUCK DOWN!" Scaggs fired back, as he and Miller pulled



Chet Helms of Family Dog

away. The Corvette tore out after them, caught them at a red light. Miller and Scaggs prudently rolled up the windows and locked the doors while the young bull pounded on the car and raged. "What pissed him off was that his girl friend was with him and I'd offended Southern Womanhood. Which really tells you where most of Texas is at. He'd like to have kicked hell out of us for the sake of Southern Womanhood."

[DRUNKEN HOOTS AT THREADGILL'S GAS STATION]

One germinal scene was Austin during the early 1960s, where a loose-knit group of folk singers dabbled at the University of Texas, created outrageous satire (like *Wonder Warthog*) for the university humor magazine, the Texas Ranger, and were active in civil rights movement leadership. A lot of them lived in a rundown apartment building near the University called the Ghetto (or, as Texans say it, the Ghet-to).

The apartment was the obvious center of beatnikism to residents of the Texas capital, and when the trend toward long hair began, the Austinites reacted in all their considerable Texas wrath.

Meanwhile, Ghetto dwellers would all go out to drunken all-night hoots at a 1930's converted gas station in East Austin, run by a man named Kenneth Threadgill, a folk and country singer.

It was at Threadgill's that Janis Joplin, Powell St. John and Larry Wiggins used to perform as the Waller Creek Boys. Threadgill himself sang this year at the Newport Folk Festival and got nice reviews. It was his first major appearance outside the Lone Star State. He sang often during the 1930's with Jimmy Rodgers—and better than Rodgers, according to some of his staunchest admirers.

The heat got bad in Texas about four years ago, with the emergence of the Austin Ghetto underground scene. It wasn't so bad before that, if you kept in line. But when Texas straight society (everything in Texas is larger than life, and Texas straight society, no exception, is straighter than life) caught wind of what was going down in Austin, they flipped out. So many Texas rock musicians have been busted on so many charges—justified and otherwise—that the list would be too long to print.

"All that heat out of Austin," says Doug Sahm. "That did it. Everybody who could do it had to split. To San Francisco, man, because this is beautiful here, you know? It's a great place to create music. It's the center of that force, that scene. Let me tell you now, this is true—there's a whole lotta turned-on people in this city. Yeh."

[YARD SALE—GOING WEST]

Chet Helms, hitch-hiking toward Mexico in 1963 the day JFK was assassinated, was tossed in jail in Colorado and put through some incredible changes before he was rescued—by the FBI, of all people. "I was accused of being an accomplice to the assassin," he says, and "when they couldn't make that stick, they accused me of stealing nine dollars from a truck driver. Then it was changed to a vagrancy charge. That's the answer why I don't want to go back to Texas."

Travis Rivers (who's co-manager, these days, for Mother Earth and a couple of other S.F. groups) went through an incredibly bad year of persecution and harassment before he finally decided to tell Texas good-bye. Some of his friends had joined the Young Peoples Socialist League and he had been active, with them, in integrating an Austin movie theatre and other equally far-out (for Texas) endeavors. He lost his job and it was eight months before he could find another. Word went out that Travis was a bad-ass, and, just possibly, a commie.

"You know, integrating a movie house to you and me isn't anything too weird," says Travis. "But you have to understand Texas. To them, man, that was weirder than anything. When they blacklist you, you're blacklisted up and down the state. I got so hungry, so thin, no money and nobody would do a thing for me. Texas is like a huge small town. Everybody knows



Martin Fierro

about you."

Finally he got a job as a janitor in the library of the University of Texas. (It was in the library, it seems, because of Travis' past experience as an authority on rare books.) "One night I went to a flick called *Help*, watched it all the way through, then all the way through, then all the way through again, and then I drove out to the woods to think about it. Just me, alone out there with the woods and the night sky I drove back to this little place where I was living and played mumblepeg for awhile. And then I moved everything out to the front yard, emptied the whole house out, put up a big sign that said *Yard Sale — Going West*."

["YOU PAY DUES FOR THAT SOULFULNESS, MAN"]

There's all these things happening in Texas music, but Texas was too repressive an atmosphere for Powell St. John to get it all together. He thinks the same is true for other Texans. "It's only emerging here in San Francisco. This is a freer environment. You can breathe here. Everybody knows something's happening here, it's like a gathering of artists to do what they couldn't do someplace else."

Henry Carr explains: "These Texas people got to make it here because they can't go back to Texas. That's why Texas musicians you hear outside Texas are really working at it."

There is a sort of Texas community within every large city outside Texas. "It's safer inside the community than it is outside, man; you know what to expect with Texans," says St. John. "Like, we hold together—it's still Texas, wherever we go," Fierro adds.

Texas is part of the Old South, but the further west you go across the state, the less prejudice and conservatism and general tight-assedness do you encounter. Which is sort of true nationally and may explain why so many Texas musicians have drifted as far west as they can go, to San Francisco. "All this propaganda that this was a free city, that you could dress or do anything any way you wanted to, smoke dope without a lot of trouble—that's what brought them here," says Tracy Nelson, Mother Earth vocalist whose band is 75% Texan in origin. "They were really driven out of Texas, man. It's a really stupid bunch of clods back there and all the Texas cats I know hate that Texas mentality and all the bullshit."

"No question about Texas soul," Sahm agrees. "But, listen, you pay dues for that soulfulness. You pay dues for that soulfulness, man."

[THE HEAT MAKES THEM PLAY THAT WAY]

Roadhouses in Texas are like no place else. All the young rock musicians play them at the start. They're meeting houses far more than they are cocktail lounges or beer halls. They're where a lot of people get together to get drunk and have a good time. It's a gathering of friends and the music is part of the camaraderie, part of the good feeling rather than a separate entertainment.

Travis Rivers used to go from jam session to jam session all day Saturday and Sunday. "Texas music, it's so fine I used to think all the music in the world was like that until I got here. There's a certain way Texas musicians play, but it's hard to describe. I got a friend who tells me it's the heat that makes them play that way."

You hear a Texas band and you know it's a Texas band. It's not so much a style as a feeling. An affirmation of the land, the space, the clean, clear sky.

"People in the city — the big cities — feel so squeezed in, and there's so many people putting them through so many changes — you know, like in Chicago and New York—that it puts everything on the surface and superficial, relationships and emotions," Steve Miller contends. "But Texas cats live out on the land — with the land and space out there. They have a deeper feeling because more of that feeling for life exists out there on the land. It gets you into a thing



Boz Scaggs

more like soul music, like country music."

["YOU GOT THE TIME TO GET IT TOGETHER"]

"Thing about Texas is you just take it slower up there," says Doug Sahm. "You got more time. Not a lot of people hassling you there, if you know where to go. You got the time to get it together, without a lot of people pressuring you about making a hit record. By the time you go record, you got it worked out."

One of the truly legendary Texas bluesmen, Mance Lipscomb is all but retired now. He's got a farm in Navasota, on the Brazos River, and mostly he spends his time sitting on the river bank, thinking and singing to himself every now and then. Lipscomb hardly plays at all anymore. There's plenty of time for doing nothing along the Brazos.

Travis Rivers loves Texas, much as he hates how he's been treated there. "It's beautiful there. It's the most beautiful country I've ever seen. I try to get back there every three or four months now, whenever I can afford it. They're great people, Texans. I dig their silly provincial bullshit. They're great, as long as you don't have to depend on them for anything."

"It's funny Texas people can be so hard and so soft. I mean you snap at a Texas cat, you got a fight on you hands. But if you parry with him, sort of be gentle and take him into your self, he'll rally to you."

"You don't fool Texas people, I'll say that for them. They're so sincere when they believe in somethin', dig? so sincere it's beautiful, they're really with you one hundred percent," Sahm says. "You can't get away with a lot of bullshit, though, 'cause Texas people — they know it's bullshit."

Martin Fierro's eyes light up when you ask him what he misses about Texas. It's not the cities or the people. "It's the desert, man. Yeah, and all that payote out there. People plant it like all over the desert—wow—there it is, man. Can't hardly get it anyplace else."

There is a certain pride in being from Texas. Fierro, for instance, was born in Mexico and the first several years he lived in Texas he was a wetback. "Even the Mexican people in Texas thought of me as Mexican. Then I lived there and played the music, blues, rock, country and western and everything, for several years, and then I went down to Mexico City one time and all those cats, man, they said 'You're not Mexican, man, you're from Texas.' Man, when those cats told me that, I knew I had it made!

"There's so much — determination is the word so much determination on the part of Texas musicians to get their own thing across that it really is a competitive scene. You really got to make it. If you haven't got it all together, you know what I'm talkin' about? Then you can just forget playing music in Texas, you dig it?"



TEX-MEX

BY BARRET HANSEN

"Tex-Mex" has been used for many years to mean various phenomena of Mexican culture on Uncle Sam's side of the Rio Grande. To find the derivation of Tex-Mex as a rock word though, we have to go clear up to the Panhandle, at the Northern end of Texas where Mexican influence is comparatively slight. Adjoining New Mexico is a large expanse of cow country that is also sometimes called "Tex-Mex," where several of the outstanding rock artists of the Fifties came up.

One of the largest towns in the area is a bustling place called Lubbock, which produced the first Texas artist to make a big impression on rock fans; he remains the greatest rock star ever to come from that part of the country, and the best of all the vocalists who followed Presley's lead in the late Fifties.

Buddy Holly came on gently. He wore glasses, even for many of his album cover photos. His music had obvious roots in the Presley scene of blues-influenced C&W. From his records one would have to conclude that Elvis was his greatest single influence.

But he didn't shout like Elvis. He sang more quietly, with more of a nasal, traditional country quality to his voice than Presley or Gene Vincent had. He shared their characteristic device of breaking up syllables by injecting consonants into the midst of them, so that "well" became "wa-hell" and "baby" came out "bay-hay-bee." But he handled melodic things very differently. Whereas Presley, on a pretty tune like "Love Me Tender," was apt to go into an exaggerated Bing Crosby croon, Holly sang the pretty things straight, more like a traditional country singer.

On most of Holly's records the accompaniment is consistent, clean and simple. Generally the sound is dominated by two guitars, simple lead lines against a strumming rhythm. The backups are consistently tighter than Presley's and better integrated with the vocal. Frequently (as in "Heartbeat" and "Peggy Sue") the rhythm guitar strums a kind of gentle syncopation. One is tempted to see in this a Latin influence (which would tie in with the more general meaning of "Tex-Mex"), but when you get down to specifics, it is rather difficult to convincingly link Holly's music to Mexico. It is simpler and more accurate to describe it as a relaxed Western version of good old Tennessee rockabilly.

Holly's first records appeared on Decca, and were sold as straight C&W. His early Deccas made in 1955-56 contain, oddly enough, some of the most rock-sounding things Buddy ever did. One tune, "Modern Don Juan," stands out as an especially sensual blues delivery, with lots of guitar that holds up very well over the years.

These records did not sell well; they are rare collector's items today. But in 1957 Decca, in a rare burst of imagination, engaged Buddy for one of the most intriguing ventures in recording history. Holly was set to record for two of Decca's subsidiaries simultaneously—on Coral, as a solo, and on Brunswick as lead singer of a vocal group called the Crickets. Both operations were aimed at the burgeoning rock market rather than at the C&W market.

Success came fast on both fronts. From the summer of 1957 until his death in February, 1959, Holly produced a double quota of consistent hits. With the Crickets: "That'll Be The Day," "Maybe, Baby," "Oh Boy" (the B side of which was "Not Fade Away," later of Stones renown). On his own for Coral: "Words of Love," "Peggy Sue," "Heartbeat," "Early In The Morning." Just before his death, he made another record in which, following the trend of the day, the languid, funky guitar sound was replaced by a very uptempo string section—"It Doesn't Matter Anymore."

Buddy went down with Big Bopper and Ritchie Valens on February 3, 1959. They were on a one-nighter tour of the Upper Midwest, and had hired a light plane to fly them from Clear Lake, Iowa, to Fargo, N.D. (Dion and the Belmonts, who took a bus to the gig, are still with us.) But at West Texas State College, in the Panhandle town of Canyon, a group called the Rhythm Orchids had meanwhile produced two vocalists who for a while were hot on Holly's trail. "Party Doll" by Buddy Knox and "I'm Stickin' With You" by Jimmy Bowen first appeared back-to-back on the Triple-D label, Roulette Records, which bought the masters, issued the two separately, but confusion crept in: "My Baby's Gone," issued as

the flip side of "Party Doll" under Knox's name, was actually sung by Bowen.

Jimmy Bowen, who played upright bass (even while lip-synching on American Bandstand), had a deep voice, quite a bit like Presley's. He never repeated the success of "I'm Stickin' With You," but he has become a prominent record producer. Curiously enough, he specializes in Easy Listening music, having done several Frank Sinatra sessions among others.

But Buddy Knox really made it as a rock-and-roller; in the annals of "Tex-Mex" he is second only to Holly. Knox (born in 1933 in Happy, Texas) started with Holly's basic sound, but made it cuter, more lightweight. Nevertheless he could be very effective. Radio stations in many parts of the country banned "Party Doll"—it was too sexy. "Rock Your Little Baby To Sleep" was in the same bag. Some of Knox's other hits included "Hula Love," an old vaudeville song which was once recorded by Leadbelly; "Somebody Touched Me"; and "Swingin' Daddy."

After he had passed his pop peak, he made an amazing record called "I Think I'm Gonna Kill Myself," in which suicidal intentions are depicted with an incredible nonchalance. Bomp-bomp-a-choo-dee-bop and so forth. Knox was one of our less violent early rock artists, but if any "Tex-Mex" artist bears out the theory that rock & roll is about fucking, it's him. Buddy's now a Country and Western artist; his recent "Gypsy Man" is as much worth hearing as his early stuff.

Unfortunately the Panhandle scene has never regained the glory it had when the two Buddys were going strong. But it's still happening. A very important figure, in the Fifties as well as today, is a producer named Norman Petty. For some years he has operated a recording studio in Clovis, New Mexico, just across the border from Lubbock and Amarillo. It was there that "Party Doll" was recorded, and also some of Holly's sides; Petty is listed as a co-author on most of Holly's big hits.

Shortly after Holly's death he started putting out sides by a new group called the Fireballs from Raton, N.M. The early Fireballs hits were instrumentals: "Torquay," "Bulldog," "Gunshot," "Quite A Party." Like Buddy Holly, the Fireballs could be said to have played hard rock softly. Their sound was all guitar, no saxes, still a fairly unconventional thing in 1959. And since white guitarists had not learned to scream yet, there was no sustained volume such as the groups with sax (like the Royaltones) could muster. But their beat was as tough as any white group's. Those early Fireballs instrumentals are mighty tasty stuff.

This group has shown a remarkable ability to make a hit, disappear from view, and come back five years later with a totally different style; thus we had "Sugar Shack" (featuring vocalist Jimmy Gilmer) in 1963, and "Bottle of Wine" in 1967. Those two records, while they have their good points, are not recognizably "Tex-Mex"; the area has evidently become part of the general melting pot.



Buddy Holly, Tex-Mex Pioneer

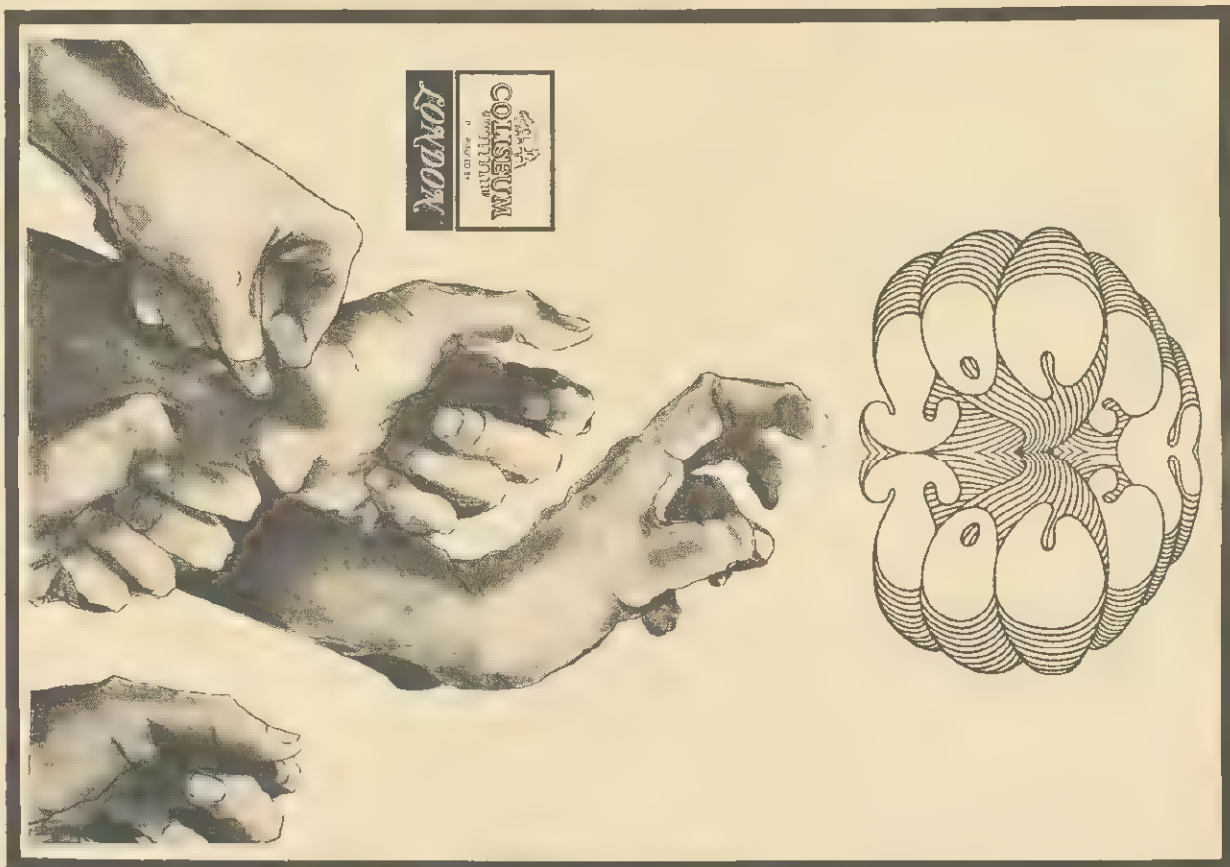
There was one artist who came along in the 1960's who might be said to tie together the double meanings of "Tex-Mex": the late Bobby Fuller. He was from El Paso, on the Mexican border, but his style is clearly out of Buddy Holly. His best-known sides, "Let Her Dance" and "I Fought The Law," bring easily recognizable Holly vocal and guitar ideas into the commercial mainstream of 1964-65. Before coming to Los Angeles, where he made these sides (and died of asphyxiation in a car in 1966), Fuller made several records for the obscure Yucca label of Alamogordo, N.M. These preserve the very purest of rockabilly sounds.

Despite the popularity of Holly and Knox, "Tex-Mex" never became a really great influence on American rock. Not directly, that is. In England, things were different. Going through charts from the late Fifties, you find Buddy Holly consistently reaching higher positions on the British charts than he did in his homeland.

But that was only the beginning. Whereas in America Buddy was quickly forgotten after his death (by all but the hippest, anyway), his demos and rejects, issued as singles, became enormous hits in England in the early Sixties. "Reminiscing," "Bo Diddley" and "Brown Eyed Handsome Man" were all Top Ten sellers. These along with Buddy's earlier hits became a most important part of the musical diet upon which the Beatles and the Rolling Stones grew and prospered. "Not Fade Away," of course, was a monster single for the Stones, and the Beatles paid their respects by recording "Words Of Love." The influence of Holly's style is very strong on all the Beatles' early music, and those guitar backup tracks also must have provided a lot of inspiration.

Texas has heard a lot of new rock music since those days in the Fifties. Such groups as Sam the Sham & the Pharaohs and the Sir Douglas Quintet (both the old one and the new one) have given us some great, hard-hitting blues and rock. These Texas groups all contain Mexican-American musicians, and probably have a more legitimate right to the term "Tex-Mex" than the Panhandle people. It is doubtful, though, that Sir Douglas' fine new band would want to be identified with a word that has been applied in print to everything from "Telstar" to "Louie Louie," so we've stuck to what seems to be its original meaning, rockwise. Whatever you call it, that Panhandle sound (come to think of it, that's a better name, isn't it?) has to stand as one of the finer cultural contributions of the Lone Star State.

DISCOGRAPHY (LP's) *The Best of Buddy Holly*. Coral 7CX-8 (2 LP's) *Torquay*. The Fireballs. Dot DLP 25512. (This is a stereo remake of the original hit on the defunct Top Rank label). *I Fought The Law*. Bobby Fuller Four. Mustang MS-901. Buddy Knox's original hits, on Roulette, do not appear to be currently available on LP.





HAIR ROCK

BY LEIGH CARNEY

New York When Walter Kerr typified twentieth century man as standing with fists clenched, saying "Why can't I feel anything?" he might well have been talking about the present theatrical panic about "involving" the audience, of shattering their reserve and making the audience also perform. This unrealistic separation of thought and feeling has flipped the theatre into a visceral, intestinal orgy which offers dazed exhaustion at the expense of enlightenment.

One major involving element is music with its basically direct and emotional appeal, and Broadway has been quick to cash in on the commercial aspects of momentary participation. The current lure with the added attractions of shock and rock music is, of course, *Hair*.

This is not to say that *Hair* is not a welcome relief in some ways. After a century of theatrical social thinking followed by Brechtian social analysis, the theatre needs to reclaim some of its original sense of celebration, to resume its role of ritually expressing social communion and contact. This does not mean a return to the primitive magic circle in the forest or a resort to "found theatre" in daily life. The great theatre eras have given a heightened and compressed view of man's experience, and even in this day of experiment and re-examination of theatrical roles and structures, we do expect that a theatre experience will somehow be different from wandering past a group freaking out in the Village—with music. And it is here that *Hair* disappoints our expectations. We are not seeking an ecstatic revel, but a celebration which intellectually and emotionally speaks to us of the experience of being alive.

Hair does have merit—it is exciting and generally succeeds in catching up the audience in the rhythm of the experience, if not in actual awareness of what is going on. It is topical, treating contemporary youth or some of them, which is at least a welcome switch from the Broadway preoccupation with middle age trauma. And it is energetic, though the actual purpose and point of all this activity frequently escapes one.

Of course, an obvious use for the music was the creation of atmosphere and ritual effect, and *Hair*

takes to it beautifully. Ritually, the opening of the show was most effective with a slow ballet of bodies, young bodies exulting at the possibilities of being alive. The extended electric blended into the anthems of peace ("Aquarius") and protest ("Ain't Got No"—"Got Life") which provided a tight, visually and aurally satisfying evocation of the world out of which *Hair* would grow. Only *Hair* did not grow from this point, it simply saturated with sound and activity. The ritual descends into gesture, becomes gimmick, and finally expires in the hollow feeling of truth evaded, or worse, glimpsed and then buried by a fuzzy onstage manner and an imprecise sense of direction.

From the original musical introduction to individuals we are tossed into a fifty person chorus line which shouts ideas and slogans with great enthusiasm which the audience does not share. Of course plenty has been said about shocking the audience, but I was more amused than shocked by their tactics. The ideas and language of *Hair* have been in the atmosphere for quite a while. The language of Lenny Bruce and the physical realism of foreign films made these shock elements well publicized gimmicks, not new revelations.

At times, genuine hints of anger about the war and the race situation came through, but for me these were severely undercut by being thrown in with every other current gripe from air pollution to the use of euphemism. When every point is made with equal energy, the result is a kind of blurred anti-campaign. We are for this, against that, but with no sense of priorities or of relative seriousness.

Sadly, the music encourages this blurring effect. It is loud, all around you and remarkably familiar, not only in terms of rhythm and instrumentation but also in terms of frank imitations of past and current rock groups. The imitation is generally effective (especially in "Abie Baby") but becomes camp when applied to the Supremes and undercut by stage gimmicks. Can anyone believe a song about inter-racial sex when the performers are in a fun-house three-in-one-dress which stretches in bright pink directions as they move? Partially undercut by gimmick, the music and lyrics

additionally suffer from a wall of sound effect. Ignoring dynamics completely (could it have been my imagination that everything was done at the same volume?) the music wraps itself around you. The lyrics tend to be overwhelmed.

The musical problem would be solved by some attention to allowing the audience to hear the music instead of being submerged in it. The larger problem however is making sure that what the audience will hear is worth listening to. If the theatre with rock is to be no more than a rock concert with scenery, then *Hair* is the prototype of what we can expect for the next few years. It does seem ironic, however, that just as recording musicians become concerned with a total texture for an album that the theatre would abandon itself to rock mixtures and madness.

Equally problematic is that for all of *Hair*'s claims of non-structured spontaneity, there is a rudimentary plot. Plot is not necessarily a neat little diagram, but a pattern of illumination of events and/or people. The original *Hair* seems to have had some of this, if only because it did not attempt to include a world view within a singspiel form. It was content to sketchily examine the relationships among Claude, Sheila, Berger and the rest of the individuals who live within this atmosphere. At the risk of second-guessing the authors, there seemed a definite note that somewhere the love generation had failed itself, that the gap between the old and new values is not as great as we would like to believe. Or more directly, that the human animal with long hair can be cruel and unfeeling as well as the short-haired variety, that loneliness in a mob is still the chronic condition. Perhaps the original *Hair* was just as instinctual in appeal as its half-Broadway-brother, but the singular merit in doing *Hair* at all would be to look at the hippie experience and see how it reflects upon the Establishment and its own subculture which is so richly revealed in the music itself. *Hair* feinted in this direction originally, and then the Broadway chance came, and revision set in.

Why was this reduction of plot supposed to be an improvement? Evidently no one was sure that they could do without the plot altogether,

so tantalizing plot fragments remain scattered through the evening. Ostensibly, this is about a guy who is going to be drafted, who is given the choice between two life styles, and cannot decide ("Where Do I Go?"). He is searching for answers while the other tribal members seem to be searching for love. And this love is not the non-individual "all-mankind" sort either. Crissy sings of a specific "Frank Mills" and Sheila challenges Berger in particular for his insensitivity to friends' needs while caring about social injustice ("Easy To Be Hard").

Supposedly, Claude and Sheila end up together, but then Claude is drafted. Returning to the tribal grounds with short hair and an army uniform, Claude is not dead physically but socially. Without *Hair* he is out of tribal uniform, and the tribe is no more able than the society it condemns to see beyond symbols to people. Ironically, Claude's new uniform gives him his earlier desire to be inviolable; but neither uniform has been able to give him the answers he sought. Like that older generation, he seems to have reached a premature "Dead End."

It is the depiction of the reality behind the publicity stereotypes that gives the idea of a *Hair* validity; without this sense of artistic reality, *Hair* can only claim to have enhanced the gutsy effect of the theatre by eliminating the possibility of thought. The praises for innovation which is only fashion fade quickly, and *Hair* will not even claim to be the first rock musical, when enough people remember *Bye Bye Birdie*.

Its lasting value will be determined by its ability to convince that rock can be a powerful force in the theatre. Of course the easiest and most American way of side-tracking revolution is to embrace it, and the theatre as a self-perpetuating institution will try to do just that. It would be unfortunate, however, to see rock dragged screaming into the theatre, only to come out "theatrical." And that is what will happen if rock becomes the gimmick or symbol of contemporary realism instead of a contributor to the theatre experience. What rock has to give is not pulsing sound which could be as easily gained through native drums; rather it can provide the balancing of thought and emotion for the theatre that it has discovered for its own enrichment. Uniting the qualities of intense involvement with close observation of the current scene, rock can amplify and expand the classical situation into a relevant theatrical moment.

Nor is this idle or idealistic speculation. Galt MacDermot, composer of *Hair*, also provided the musical settings for Joseph Papp's production of *Hamlet as a Happening*. There was music to change the set and a finale chorus, but the most impressive work was done for Ophelia's mad scene. Anyone who has sat through it knows that the songs are seldom illuminating unless you happen to be up on bawdy Elizabethan innuendo. Working closely with the original text of the song, MacDermot created a rock transformation of the material. When Ophelia appeared in a chorus girl's abbreviated tails and straw hat, backed by eight GPs, to sing "Hamlet's Dead and Gone, Baby," you had a fair idea why she would end up dead. Perhaps as a result of this close work with *Hamlet*, "What a Piece of Work Is Man" is included in the revised *Hair* as counterpoint to "3500," which details the horrors of war. Another MacDermot musical is scheduled for the coming season, hopefully not a third revision of *Hair*, but an indication of his considerable talent for competent rock in a theatrical context.

Or, his success may encourage those who are currently examining and glorifying life in the rock concerts and the recording studios to turn to the creation of rock theatre. If theatre theorists could write seventy years ago of the power of music to unite the arts, it seems natural that the wide-ranging music of today should be used to bind up the conflicts in today's theatrical trials of emotional and mental polarization.

PRODUCING: FELIX PAPPARELLI SPEAKS HIS MIND

Many fans and scholars have expressed confusion concerning the role of the producer in creating high art. In an effort to unravel this mystery, ROLLING STONE dispatched its correspondent to talk with Felix Papparelli, a well-known industry figure.

BY H. A. HAFNER

What I want to talk to you about is this whole question of producing . . . many people are confused or just have no idea at all about what it is exactly that a producer does, what his function is.

Well, that's a complex question—and each producer, of course, has his own methods—there's no cut and dried answer to that, I don't think.

Suppose we start with Michelangelo, then—you're currently at work on a fresco with him.

Yes, the "Last Judgment," that's the tentative title . . .

Well, if you could just tell us how a typical session goes.

Yes . . . now Mike is an extremely talented painter, as you well know, so I pretty much leave him on his own. A suggestion here and there, you know—like maybe a Venetian red'll make it better than, say, an Indian red—so I'll suggest that, you know? And Mike—he's a very sensitive guy—he'll see right away that it'll work, and he'll do it.

Not that we don't have our disagreements . . . I mean it's only natural we should, but we usually see eye to eye . . . Mainly, though, I'm just there to lend encouragement, moral support, so to speak. Like Mike'll paint a hand—with a lot of groovy foreshortening, you know? and he'll look at me, see, kind of like "Well, what about it?"—and I'll say "Great, let's just leave that one just like it is, it's a gas." And it is, too, I mean, that guy's such a gas . . .

Yeah, and, like he does those drieries—wow! like you could reach right out and touch 'em.

Right.

So you, then, just kind of let Mike do his thing . . .

Right.

Well, how is it with some of the other guys you produce? The same?

No, not at all, man. Raphael, for example. Now he's a much younger guy, you know—he just hasn't had the experience Michelangelo's had. I mean he's a good solid draftsman, absolutely one of the best, but he just doesn't have too much of his own material. So sometimes, when things kind of bog down, I'll knock out a few sketches—just rough ideas, you understand—and Raphael'll pick right up on it. That's how we did the "School of Athens."

That was done for Julius, wasn't it?

Right. The Pope called me in on that one . . . it's funny about that job; the Pope didn't go for the idea of Raphael doing it at all—such a young guy, you know?—and just having come into town, he didn't have much of a reputation—but I knew Raphael could do it, and it turned out fine. The Pope loved it.

There were four walls involved in that weren't there?

That's right.

You know what I dig about that? How they all tie in. Each is an individual thing, of course; I mean each wall is beautiful in itself, but there's a certain wholeness to the frescos, there's a theme, like, and it becomes one thing.



"Mike . . . how about a little more white on God's left hand?"

Yeah. Well that's what we were trying for. There's the "School of Athens," that I mentioned before, that represents Philosophy, so we figured we'd do a fresco on Religion on the wall opposite that—Julius' favorite, by the way—then we decided to fill in the other two walls with one on the Classical Poets and one on the Law. Originally we were gonna do a landscape on one of the walls—just a straight landscape, with some cows, you know? We were gonna put that one the wall opposite the entrance, but we discarded the idea. I still have some beautiful sketches of that one at home. Raphael did some great sketches. But we decided it killed the continuity, so we just never developed it beyond the preliminary stages. Someday we might still do it though, someplace else. It's something I've always wanted to do . . . just a plain landscape, no Saints or angels or philosophers or anything like that, just a simple landscape. Raphael digs the idea, too.

Sounds great. He's just the guy who could pull it off, too.

Absolutely, a great man with the brush, no doubt about it.

Now, there's something you said before that I'd like to get back to if we can. You were talking about the "School of Athens," and you mentioned that you'd make the sketch for that one, and then Raphael picked it up from there . . .

Yeah, right. Just a rough sketch, really—blocking in groups of figures, the general composition, you know? Actually, I did a sketch for the "Dispute"—that's the Religion fresco—I did a sketch for that one, too. It really turned Raphael on, by the way, I really think he outdid himself on that one.

Beautiful.

But, of course, all the detail drawing, the anatomy, perspective, the actual painting of the fresco; he did that himself. We didn't even call in any assistants on that one.

Not even on the sky?

Nope.

Man, those clouds—wow!—I thought sure you brought somebody in on that;

you know, a specialist. I didn't know Raphael could paint clouds like that.

Oh, he can do it all: clouds, rocks, trees—you name it he can paint it. We'll just use outside men because of time, man. That's part of my job, too. To see that the paintings get done on time. I mean, sometimes an artist'll wanna stay on an extra two, three weeks working out ideas, but I gotta see that it's done when it's supposed to be. It's a drag sometimes, and I hate to do it, but it's gotta be—somebody's putting up a lotta bread for these things. It's just a job, really, painting is. Of course, if the guy's got a really good studio of his own, and he doesn't really need the jobs, he can take all the time he wants on a painting, experiment all he wants.

There seems to be a trend toward this kind of thing. An artist will make enough money on commissioned work so that he can do just what you mentioned, work in his own studio and free himself from the demands of a patron . . . At any rate, the thing I was trying to get at before, the question that bothers a lot of people is this, just how much of a painting is actually the artist's and how much is the producer's? Where does the one leave off and the other begin?

Yeah, well. It's really hard to say. Making a picture is pretty much of a cooperative thing, you know. A lot of people are involved in this, and you've gotta get the right people that work well together, you know? You got the assistants—guys who fill in large areas of color, and guys to put on the plaster. It doesn't sound very important, but a plasterer can make or break a painting.

And then you've got the guys that mix the paints—very important. Just as an example, look what happened to Leonardo on the "Last Supper." He produced that one himself, by the way, and that was his first mistake. A good producer never would have allowed what happened to happen. His second mistake was trying to mix the paints himself—you know what happened—it was a disaster: he mixed oil into the paint or

something, and it wasn't long before the painting started to fall off the wall.

I've seen that one. I know just what you mean: it's a mess.

So all these people gotta work together. Then, of course, you need a good engineer for the really big jobs, to build the scaffolding. I always get Enrico Spumoni when I'm producing. He's the best there is, and he understands what I want. He's worked with me ever since I did the Pope's ceiling with Michelangelo—the most magnificent engineering job I've ever seen. We never would've finished without him: he set up this great thing—he called it a "block and tackle"—so that Mike wouldn't have to wear himself out climbing a ladder all the time—we just hoisted him up and down. Even so, I thought we'd never get that ceiling done . . . sometimes I just felt like telling the Pope to forget the whole thing and paint it a nice off-white, something sensible like that. And Mike, he was P.O.ed from the first. Sometimes he wouldn't talk to the Pope for weeks. Like Julius'd come in and say—like trying to be friendly, you know?—he'd say "Gee, that's some nice Sybil you painted there, Mike," and Mike'd just turn all red and say "I'm a sculptor, damn it, I'm a sculptor." It was a constant hassle, man, I wouldn't wanna do it again, believe me . . . Still, looking back on it now, I guess it was worth it.

It certainly was, no doubt about it. But, to get back to your question, even with all those people involved in making a painting, it's still the artist who's gotta get the credit, all the credit. He's the man.

Even though you may make suggestions or, as in the case of Raphael, actually make preliminary drawings?

Well, sometimes I'll even pick up a brush and put down a few strokes here and there—paint a hand or a foot or something . . .

Even for Michelangelo?

Sure. In fact, I've done quite a few feet for him—I've done yards of feet for him you might say (laughs) . . .

For Michelangelo????

—and sometimes I do the women for him, too—Mike doesn't like to "do" women, you know (laughs) but, seriously, in the final analysis it's the artist who's gotta get the credit (laughs).

O.K. Now just one more question: Have you ever thought about going out on your own as a painter? You have the training I know—the ability—if you had no other commitments, all the time you needed, would you want to paint?

Yeah, I have thought about that—I've been thinking about it a lot lately, in fact, and someday when I don't have any commitments to produce other guys, I'm gonna do it. Yeah . . . I've got this idea that I've been kicking around a long time that I'd just love to try. It was something that Leonardo once said, about how an artist should draw the cracks and stains on walls or something like that. It got me thinking. Why not make a painting like that, just like the stain on a wall, you know? I mean, no subject, no allegory, no reference to nature, no nothing. Just paint applied to a surface—big color areas, you know?—maybe on unpainted canvas . . . I talked to Mike about it when we were doing the ceiling, but he just laughed and said I was crazy . . . I don't know, maybe it is a crazy idea, but I wanna do it . . . before somebody else does.

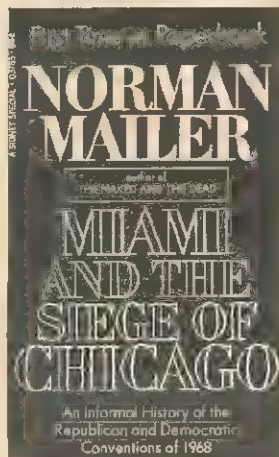


Elmer Gantry's Velvet Opera BN 26415

Album Excitement...



BOOKS



Miami and the Siege of Chicago—An Informal History of the Republican and Democratic Conventions of 1968 by Norman Mailer, Signet Books, 223 pp., 95c

BY GREIL MARCUS

I read *Miami and the Siege of Chicago* on the night of October 29th. Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon were on the television as usual. With his best "politics of joy" smirk, fresh from telling the ghetto that "I am a soul brother," Hubert was screaming to a crowd of suburban whites: "We're really gonna sock it to 'em!" But Nixon was not to be out-done. He was better. The hall filled with shiny kids in shiny Nehru jackets and shiny medallions, "The Next President" rose to the climax of a politically obscene imitation of Martin Luther King pronouncing "Free At Last!" Nixon too called out to the people, arms waving, with the new litany of the image-makers, yes, he was almost frantic with the desire for the prize: "SOCK IT TO 'EM, SOCK IT TO 'EM, SOCK IT TO 'EM!"

It's come to this. As I read Norman Mailer's new book, as I tried to get inside the phrases and the mind of the finest writer in America, I listened to some very old tapes made by Bob Dylan, tapes of traditional songs that grew out of the American soil, songs that must have ridden with Dylan down many highways. So long ago—what was it like before I heard of Bob Dylan, before the magic lantern began to turn? Ancient history. And yet those old songs were the melodies of the first days of the Kennedy era, before riots, before the "process of assassination," before the war. It was all there, of course, but was all invisible, waiting for us?

What seems like ancient history is just a few years down the road. 1961. There was a Mayor Daley then, a Hubert Humphrey, a Richard Nixon, even a Lyndon Johnson. Little men have grown into demons, bland, fastidious, a grin peeking through as the dead are posted on the wall.

Thus Norman Mailer was to cover the political conventions for Harper's Magazine and Signet Books. He'd done it before—1960, 1964—drawing a fine line between cynicism and hero-worship with the Democrats, getting scared and disgusted, in a comfortable way, with the Republicans. It wasn't that hard—go to the convention, meet the candidates, get a few impressions, write it up, have a party on election night, sweat out the returns. This year it was different. Mailer's candidate, Bobby Kennedy, hadn't been defeated, he had been shot and killed. It wasn't a matter of drowning sorrows or slapping friends on the back. Four people died in Miami while the Republicans waxed Richard Nixon; glass and clubs cut into flesh while Hubert Humphrey kissed his TV set in Chicago.

Miami and the Siege of Chicago begins as an attempt by Mailer to cover the conventions in the same old way, with the same old prejudices. Immediately, there is the horror of discovery that he, Norman Mailer, wants deeply to find it in himself to vote for Richard Nixon, to be able to believe in Nixon's simple picture of the good lonely forgotten middle-class American. Mailer

remembers small towns, hamburger joints, juke boxes and bars and bad TV—this is America, isn't it? I am an American . . . my country . . . The vision vanishes. The eye of the reporter returns. But something is going on. "What I call 1940, they call the present, and live in it," said a friend of mine. Mailer remembers 1940. He is forty-five years old. What is he doing on the side of kids only born in the midst of a war he fought?

The story of the Republican convention passes quickly, an interesting report that is always threatening to come apart at the seams, always at the point of explosion, but always returning to the "journalism" that the literary magazines say Mailer is writing these days.

It is in Chicago that the fears and fantasies of a vote for Nixon take on meaning. Chicago reveals the alternative of a vote for Nixon. It is not a vote for Hubert Humphrey, not a momentary battle in the streets of Chicago. It is a commitment, for Mailer, to a battle that will last until he is an old man and finally dead. He sees the country that, for all its evil, has let him write his books and make his movies—and that country is on the verge of destroying the psychological space that makes it possible for him to do his work, to do what he knows he was born for, because civil war is in the air and Mailer is being thrust into a choice he does not want to make.

Do not buy this book in hopes of enjoying another mesochistic retelling of the destruction of the "democratic process" inside the convention hall by the mechanics of fascism on the street. There was more black and white "moral outrage," more graphic description of atrocity and repression in the pages of *Time Magazine*. In this book is the story of a brilliant man, a brilliant writer, struggling with the future Chicago has revealed. Mailer knows that the liberal society never tells where the bodies are buried, and he has discovered why, this time, the tale was told.

The military spine of a great liberal party had finally separated from the skin . . . the power had decided, "No, do not let them march another ten blocks and then disperse them on some quiet street, no, let it happen before all the land, let everybody see that their dissent will soon be equal to their own blood, let them realize that the power is implacable, and will beat and crush and imprison and yet kill before it will ever relinquish the power. So let them see before their own eyes what it will cost to continue to mock us, defy us, and resist . . . There are more cowards alive than the brave. Otherwise we would not be where we are."

The guts of this book is in Mailer's attempt to understand if the words he has written can really be true, to understand what it will mean if they are. Mailer closed his essay of last year, *The Steps of the Pentagon*, with these lines, dictated to the press as he was released from jail:

... we are burning the body and blood of Jesus Christ in Vietnam. Yes, we are burning him there, and as we do, we destroy the foundation of this Republic, which is its love and trust in Christ.

Now he can wonder if the blessing of God can truly have been withdrawn from this country. One cannot know. As Norman Mailer left the convention, "he met Senator McCarthy's daughter . . . now in a quiet horror over the bust [of the McCarthy workers], and she asked him what he would do about it."

"I'm going to catch a plane and see my family," he told her, smiling into the proud disapproval of her eyes. "Dear Miss," he could have told her, "we will be fighting for forty years."

The election is over, of course. If California had gone the other way . . . Nixon elected by only about 300,000 votes.

Jack Kennedy took office with a plurality that was only slightly smaller, and yet carried with him all kinds of ambiguous promises of new things, new faces, new ideas, perhaps? At the least, an old man traded for one who was young. There were to be no new faces this year, and we all knew it—Nixon's government will be, as Humphrey's would have been, a collection of those things that can be salvaged from the past. No surprises. The electorate knew that was to be—they expected no surprises.

Only the TV newsmen were possessed by a mad vision, a vision sighted on the

—Continued on Page 30

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One night, J Marks and Shipen Lebzelter were meditating over a page from the Papyrus of Ani when they disappeared in a silent, emerald flash. They awoke in a solar boat where Karlheinz Stockhausen sat at the tiller, dreaming. His dream filled the sail and the boat moved through drifting star clusters of music. Brass choirs chanted, electric choruses exploded, flitting freaks played whirling instruments, sonic vibrations double-crossed and tripled-back, razor-thin rushes dissolved into fragments of speech and a bunch of very famous rock stars spoke of many things. A millennium or so later, J Marks and Shipen Lebzelter cleared the smoke from their ears and leaned back. "I'm sure glad we had the tape recorders with us," J Marks said.

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behold & see



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CARL PERKINS

BY MICHAEL LYDON

"If it weren't for the rocks in its bed, the stream would have no song," said Carl Perkins with a comic dolefulness. He had just put down his well-thumbed copy of *The Power of Positive Thinking* and was staring out at the brown miles of West Texas prairie that slipped by the mobile home bus.

Carl, now 36, his extensive bald spot covered by a toupee, and his front teeth replaced with a plate, was on tour with the Johnny Cash Spectacular. He's been with Cash for two years, opening the show with some uptempo pickin' and singin' to warm things up, and since the accidental death last summer of Johnny's long time guitarist, Luther Perkins, has also been backing Johnny.

He doesn't exactly have the "how the mighty are fallen" blues—his own days at the top were too brief and steady work with a big country music tour isn't the bottom—but Carl, author of "Blue Suede Shoes," has had his vicissitudes and they've made him philosophical.

"I'll tell you true," he said that afternoon as the bus rolled from Lubbock to El Paso. "I've been at the top of the hill and now I'm at the bottom and there's no comparin' 'em. The top beats the bottom everytime."

"At the top you know the people came for you. At the bottom, you're something between the crowd and what they came for, and you gotta work real hard to make it seem worth it to yourself being out there."

"Oh, Carl, don't be blue," said honey-blond and honey-voiced June Carter Cash. "Why, you know the people enjoy hearing you. You're an indispensable part of this show—isn't he, Johnny?"

"Sure is," said Johnny Cash, lounging back in his seat and edging his voice with mock sarcasm. "I don't know what we'd do without you, Rock King."

"Laugh," said Carl, "but that's what they called me, and that's what some still call me, the King of Rock and Roll."

They all laughed. Carl Perkins is a natural born straight man, his inferiority complex his comic device. He reads *Positive Thinking* seriously, but it's like Mr. Peepers reading Charles Atlas. Yet he is never pathetic. "We all love Carl," said June. "He has been through some hard times, but they never soured him. Think what it means for a man who was number one to be working behind someone, but Carl can do it because he's a big man."

One of the crop of country singers who broke open the pop-market in the mid-Fifties and created rock and roll—Haley, Presley, Roy Orbison, Gene Vincent, Jerry Lee Lewis, Conway Twitty, and to some extent Cash himself—Carl was always an entertainer against his better judgment.

"I've always been the shyest person I know," he said. "When I was in school in Jackson, Tennessee, I'd have another kid sharpen my pencil, 'cause I was too scared to get out of my seat. I had an old guitar my pappy bought me—I painted that thing so many times that it had paint an inch thick and you could throw it against a wall and not make a dent—and one day my teacher asked me didn't I have a guitar and wouldn't I play it at assembly. I was too scared to say no, but before that show I was almost sick I was so scared and when I did it I could barely sing a note."

"Course the applause was nice, that made it better, but since then, though

I made this my profession, I've always liked best just singing and playing in my home or in the dressing room best. That's where it's fun. Playing before people isn't bad exactly, but it's work."

Like dozens of other hopefuls, Carl and his two brothers made it to Memphis to audition for Sam Phillips of Sun Records. "Sam is filthy rich and slowed down now, but then Sun was exciting. We heard about his little recording studio and tried to get in. We were playing this music that wasn't country and it wasn't pop and it wasn't rhythm and blues, but somewhere in between. Some called it rockabilly, but we called it country rock."

"Blue Suede Shoes" was the second song he recorded, his first hit, and his greatest song. It's still his closing number, and though a hunting accident which shattered his left foot has cut his hot-footed dancing down to little hops, it still brings it to rollicking life. "You can burn my house," he sings, standing in a Fifties drugstore hood pose,

Steal my car,

Drink my liquor from an old fruit jar,

But uh uh honey, lay off a them them shoes,

Don't you,

Step on my blue suede shoes

You can do anything,

But lay off a them blue suede shoes

It's one of rock and roll's fundamental songs, one that showed the way. With a good dancing beat, clean and snappy guitar, and funny-serious lyrics, it has the "teen feel" of defiant and narcissistic self-assertion. Songs like "Blue Suede Shoes" literally created the concept of "teenager": every rock in a leather jacket and T-shirt, who had dice hanging from the mirror of his chopped, blocked, and dropped '51 Ford, who spent hours trying to get that Sal Mineo curl in his DA, and who used a lot of Saturday afternoons catching Marlon Brando in "The Wild One"—every one grooved on "Blue Suede Shoes." The millions of kids who listened joyously to the radio stations that played it straight for hours were suddenly linked up and could say, "This song is us, what we wanna say is: lay off our blue suede shoes."

Carl's version sold one and a half million copies; it was, he remembers proudly, one of the few songs ever to top the pop, country, and R&B charts simultaneously. For a few months in early 1956, Carl had everything: twenty-four years old with a smash hit, he was good looking, a good dancer, writer, singer,

and guitarist, and he was riding the beginning of an enormous musical and cultural wave.

But the wave that year belonged to the Pelvis, and it drowned poor ole Carl. His managers, trying to milk every penny from "BSS," waited eight months before releasing his next record. By then Elvis, whose "Heartbreak Hotel" came out after "BSS," had rucked up half a dozen million sellers (plus doing well with a cover of "BSS"). On one hand he was raunchier than Carl, and grabbed the market that way; on the other hand he was a more malleable commercial property. By the end of 1956, with "Love Me Tender," Elvis was on the way to becoming the widely appealing ballad singer with the carefully sculpted, non-offensive image. But they could never take the country out of Carl; he was just too "Tennessee" to sell big.

Smaller hits followed—great songs like "Matchbox" and masterpieces like "You've Got the Right String, Baby, But the Wrong Yo-Yo"—and for about five years he did well on the country circuit. Even that success was too much for him.

"When you're a country boy just a month from the plow, and suddenly you're a star with money in your pocket, cars, women, big cities, crowds, the change is just too fast. You're the same person inside, but you're a star outside, so you don't know how to act. You're embarrassed about the way you talk, the way you eat, the way you look. You can't take the strain without a crutch. For me it was booze—I've seen the bottom of a lot of bottles. I was a mess, a wreck for years. Never knew where the money went, didn't get paid all of it, even from Sun."

And in the early Sixties Carl, with other fading and faded stars like Gene Vincent and Bill Haley, was touring the provincial dance halls of Europe, making fair money but knowing he was there because he couldn't make it at home. "People are ruined by that touring, like Chuck Berry. Maybe it was those years in prison, but when I first knew him, he was an easy guy who'd swap guitar ideas with me in the dressing room. I saw him last on an English tour. He had gone all cold, wouldn't hardly talk."

The Beatles were among the foreign kids who dug Carl, and they paid full tribute by recording "Matchbox," "Honey, Don't," and "Everybody's Trying to Be My Baby." Carl met them when they were getting big and they gave a party for him. "They know all about

me and idolized my songs. I was in the studio when they did 'Matchbox' and played guitar with George on one cut of it, but it's never been released. Their versions are okay, but the royalty checks were nicer."

Those checks, about \$50,000 worth, carried him out of his slump until he signed with Cash, joining his old drummer, W. S. "Fluke" Holland, whom he had had to let go years before. The Cash Spectacular (which also includes the Carter Family—Mother Maybelle and her daughters, Anita, Helen, and June—and the Staller Brothers) tours ten to 15 days a month; Carl, Fluke, and bassist Marshall Grant triple up in motel rooms to save money, but otherwise it's comfortable traveling. They're all country boys to the marrow, and they have a good time.

They talk about the old days, Elvis ("he had a project to see how many girls he could make. He did okay," said Johnny), and sing Jimmy Rodgers' song, cracking up on each yodel, they exchange Nashville gossip, swap car info, and tell jokes ("Hear about the girl who said 'Give me nine inches and hurt me'?" said Carl. "So the guy screwed her three times and punched her in the mouth.")

But Carl still hates the road. "People'll tell you how great it is, but I won't. I do it 'cause I have to. All I'm hoping for in the world is to get to where I can close the case on that Epiphone and not open it until I want to open it."

Three days out on the road and he's wildly homesick, moaning about his wife, "poor ole Valda" and how he can't stand being without her.

"When I call Valda, I make sure I'm at a window where I can see the moon. When I talk to her, I say, 'Valda, can you see that moon?' and she says, 'Yes, I can, Carl, it's beautiful, isn't it?' and I say, 'Sure is, Valda,' and then our love goes from each of us, to the moon, and then to the other."

Carl paused while the others laughed. "I don't think true ladies and gentlemen would laugh at the tender outpourings of a man's heart," he said, his lantern jawed face twisted with woe, and they laughed even harder.

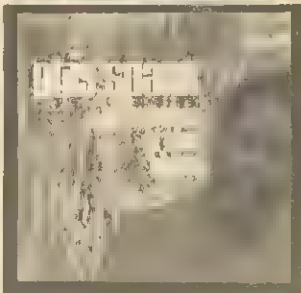
He misses his two sons almost as bitterly. When he's away they often stay at Carl's father's farm, and Carl is glad they're learning country ways. "I think the happiest time in my life was when I was a little boy in the country in the summer. Then I thought time was standing still and the world was mine."

He's getting things set up for Valda and the kids. They've just moved into a new house, and with Carl's drinking days behind him, they're piling up a nest egg. Columbia is considering putting out an LP of Carl's biggest Sun hits, to be produced by Bob Johnston. Cash's latest single, "Daddy, Sing Bass," an easy swinging country-religious song, is a Perkins tune, and Carl has high hopes that a tune he's just written, "Lovin' You Constantly," a really beautiful ballad, could become a pop-country standard.

"It's all in how you look at things," Carl finished, picking up *Positive Thinking* again. "I figure I went from low to high to low to just about right in the middle. That's an advance, isn't it, and maybe now I'm inching forward again."

"Poor ole Carl," said June, betting her long lashes and grinning warmly.

RECORDS



The Blues Is Where It's At, Otis Spann (BluesWay 6003)

The Bottom of the Blues, Otis Spann (BluesWay 6013)

Otis Spann is, of course, no stranger to blues fans. For close to a decade and a half now he has been featured in the Muddy Waters Band, perhaps the prototypical Chicago blues band of all those currently performing. And during his association with Waters, Spann has honed his instrumental skills to a fine edge; he is easily the finest blues pianist to be heard anywhere these days and is probably among the instrument's all-time leading performers. Certainly he's one of the most inventive and propulsive ensemble players the modern blues has produced, a rock-solid rhythm player whose improvisations are always perfectly adapted to the needs of the music at hand. And a singer couldn't ask for a more sensitive and responsive accompanist than Spann. On top of all this, he's a fine singer, with a dry, grainy voice and a shouting vocal style that are distinctively his own.

It's only been in recent years that Spann has emerged as a well-known artist in his own right—primarily as the result of a splendid series of recordings he has undertaken for various labels. First was the very provocative set, shared with guitarist Robert Lockwood, Jr.—*Otis Spann Is the Blues* (Candid 8001)—which has been out of print almost since it was issued in 1961. Five years later came *The Blues Never Die* (Prestige 7391), on which Spann shared the vocal chores with harmonica player Jimmy Cotton, and this relaxed set was succeeded about a year later by *Nobody Knows My Troubles* (Testament 2211) an album that contrasted nine Spann solo performances with five featuring a five-piece Chicago ensemble.

Spann's latest efforts have been on ARC's BluesWay subsidiary, and they continue the formal set on the Prestige album—that is, they present a number of relaxed and easy performances by various editions of the Waters band much as one would hear it in a club with Otis singing instead of Muddy. (In the absence of Chess recordings of this band, future students of Waters' music will have to turn to these recordings for samples of the band's music during the 1960s.)

The approach followed on both albums is mainstream postwar Chicago blues—not very adventurous or innovative in terms of what has been going on in the blues these last few years, but solid, full of good spirits, and rhythmically very powerful. Good, proven music played with authority and conviction by a group of musicians who understand it perfectly.

The two BluesWay albums are very much alike in mood and approach. *The Blues Is Where It's At* features an earlier edition of the Waters band, Spann, vocal, piano; Waters, Sam Lawhorn and Luther Johnson, guitars; George Smith, har-

monica, Mac Arnold, bass, and Francis Clay, drums. On the second set George Bufford replaces Smith; Lawrence Wimberly and S. P. Leary replace Arnold and Clay, respectively, and Spann's wife Lucille is added for a few vocals. The music on both sets is unforged and free-wheeling, marked throughout with the easiness of ensemble playing that comes only of prolonged association. There are rough spots from time to time, to be sure, but these are slight defects when compared with the rightness of feeling that suffuses the performances. Additional takes might have smoothed out this roughness, but one senses that much of the lightness, exuberance and spontaneity would have gone too and, personally, I'd rather have the feeling.

One is hard pressed to single one out over the other. Each has its strengths and its weaknesses. On *The Blues Is Where It's At* there's George Smith, a far more resourceful and accomplished harmonica player than George Bufford, who is featured on the second set (at the same time, it ought to be mentioned that Smith sounds as though he's playing unamplified harmonica throughout the album, thus lessening the impact of his playing). This is perhaps the first set's most obvious asset, for otherwise the two albums are very familiar.

On *The Bottom of the Blues* album the ensemble playing is generally tighter, but the set is even more plagued by sporadic out-of-tuneness than is the first. On the positive side, however, Waters' use of bottleneck is handled with greater restraint on the one selection in the second album on which he employs this technique his playing in this style greatly enhances "Looks Like Twins" and is perhaps the finest bottleneck work he's committed to record in some time, and is in direct contrast to his playing on the first album, which is generally rather excessive, too much manner and not enough matter.

Scattered through the eighteen selections in the two albums are some splendid performances. In the first set are Spann's readings of "Down on Sarah Street," "My Home Is on the Delta," "Steel Mill Blues" (a remake of Eddie Boyd's "Five Long Years" though uncredited to him) are all fine, and of only slightly lesser interest is "Nobody Knows Chicago Like I Do."

In the second album are excellent performances of Sleepy John Estes' "Diving Duck" (credited to Spann), "Looks Like Twins," "Down to Earth" and "Nobody Knows (My Troubles)." Mrs. Spann's contributions, while energetic, are undistinguished, though she turns in a creditable performance on "Down to Earth."

The second album is considerably better recorded than the first, possibly as a result of the latter's "studio party" atmosphere. There are evidences of much tighter control and greater understanding in the second album; producer Bob Thiele probably learned a great deal about recording this group when doing the first album and he has put this knowledge to good use in the second set. Too bad he didn't insist on better intonation as well.

PETE WELDING



Shine On Brightly, Procol Harum (A&M SP 4151)

Procol Harum is a hard group to review, if only because they have chosen stylistically to place themselves in competition with middle-late (*Blonde from Big Pink*) Dylan and the Band (*Music from Big Pink*); thus Keith Reid can write uncannily like a certain period Dylan (see "Rambling On" on *Shine On Brightly*), and B. J. Wilson often sounds like Levon Helm taught him how to play drums. It has been remarked how much the Band album showed the influence of the first Procol Harum album; it might also be remarked how much the second Procol Harum al-

bum shows the influence of the Band album. Perhaps this juxtaposition is unfair—it must be admitted Procol Harum suffers in these comparisons—but Gary Brooker, in spite of his unique style, just cannot match Richard Manuel's vocals, and Robin Trower can't begin to touch Robbie Robertson's guitar playing.

In spite of these limitations Procol Harum is nevertheless quite capable of powerful music when not being wanly eclectic (note the absurd quote from Rodrigo's *Concierto de Aranjuez* in the middle section of "Skip Softly"). The dilemma of the group is illustrated quite bluntly by "In Held Twas in I," a seventeen minute sonic blitz that ranges from an anecdote concerning a koan the Dalai Lama presumably once delivered, to an electric mass of sorts. Sandwiched in the midst of all this often patent nonsense is a very moving song, decidedly (and effectively) schizoid, about the "autumn of my madness." "Shine On Brightly" is also a beautifully constructed little song, an effective wedding of lyrics and music.

"Quite Rightly So" and "Rambling On" are nice tracks, while "Magdalene" is certainly pleasant enough. Having said this however, it must be noted that *Shine On Brightly* is not the album one might have hoped for. The Procol Harum's first release was generally more satisfying, especially since this new album displays little in the way of startling growth—the group has apparently chosen to refine their old approach and the musical result, while usually listenable, is not consistently interesting. One question that the album does raise is whether the Procol Harum have the imaginative and musical potential to creatively evolve, and on this score *Shine On Brightly* must remain an ambiguous statement.

JIM MILLER



Music In a Doll's House, Family (Reprise RS 6312)

Somebody (was it the Beatles?) probably once told Family that rock is serious stuff, electric art in fact. They listened, and for better or worse, *Music In a Doll's House* is what came out. Perhaps because they are English, and closer to the traditional sources of it all, Family has been strongly influenced by the Beatles, and by the Sgt. Pepper strategy of rock: interrelated songs (Side 1 has "Variations on theme of Hey, Mr. Policeman"; side 2 has "Hey, Mr. Policeman"), varied instrumentation (the 5 members of Family play a total of 13 instruments, not counting the session musicians), lots of smoothy production numbers, and a glib, almost aloof approach to lyrics.

Luckily, Family are good, versatile musicians, capable of playing the music inside their heads. They can reproduce, in miniature, almost any style of contemporary rock—the Beatles, San Francisco freak stuff, the Beachboys—and musically, they do seem to be furnishing a rock doll's house with miniature versions of many other musicians. Even luckier, though, the production and engineering, especially the re-mixing, is really excellent. The use of stereo is especially good; the crossovers from speaker to speaker serve a purpose in the music. They add a whole dimension to their songs and only rarely prove annoying. The overdubs and mixing is complex, yet smooth and continuous. The album somehow manages to avoid being just a collage of studio tricks; it is music.

The album emphasizes slow, ornate songs, which vary from an imitation of "Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds" called "3 X Time," to a serene, medieval sound ing ballad called "Mellowing Grey," which is the high point of the album. Despite some lyrics that might have been written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, it is very good.

It sounds like it was composed in a cathedral, and uses a small, throaty string

section with precision, taste and relevancy. It has the quality of, say, "Eleanor Rigby." Apart from this one number and a scattering of fine moments elsewhere, the composition is tasteful, inoffensive, and easy to listen to. But there are 15 pieces on the album, so few are given enough time to be interestingly developed. The music itself soon seems pale, unimpressive; it almost automatically relegates itself to background music.

At times the quality of the production gets in the way of the music. You find yourself saying "Wow is that w1 produced!" But you don't hear the music.

The album as a whole is too much like its title, *Music In a Doll's House*. It is artfully done, with great care. Perhaps with too much care . . . it lacks spontaneity and excitement. It is studied, very serious, yet not heavy enough to bear much serious listening. Like a doll's house, it is a miniature replica of the real thing, intricate, but lifeless.

DAVID GANCHER



Cristo Redentor, Harvey Mandel (Philips PHS 600-281)

Recent y, some sociologists have stated that a youth phenomenon more significant than the hippie outburst of 1966-67 is the coming emergence of many traditionally ambitious but "turned on" young men in big business and the professions. If there will soon be a large number of turned on businessmen, doctors and dentists, *Cristo Redentor* is sure to be the kind of Muzak they will choose to play in their offices and waiting rooms.

According to the liner notes, this extraordinarily boring album was cut by a nucleus of three musicians (Mandel on guitar; Art Stavro, bass; Eddie Hoh, drums) with the assistance of a string section, four voices, and fifteen other musicians (one of whom, Graham Bond, is credited only with the piano on "If You Could Tell Her," a song that isn't on the record) in six different studios, manned by six engineers, two assistant engineers, three other technicians, but with NO producer. Such "creative" hodgepodge and the total lack of togetherness in the music suggest to this reviewer that *Cristo Redentor* was produced in somewhat the following manner. Mandel, Hoh and Stavro probably cut the basic tracks together. These were then quintuplicated and sent to the various studios where anyone in the neighborhood who could conceivably "add" something to one or more of the cuts dropped in and did his thing for an engineer and recorder both different from those used on the recording sessions of the basic tracks. These collections of tracks were then probably sent to a central office where someone (most likely Nick De Caro, the arranger) chose the final tracks by lot and then slapped them together to form the final product.

Still, there have been some good albums that were recorded in more than one studio with a multiplicity of overdubbed guest artists. However, such successes usually contained interesting, melodically distinctive tunes and/or artists with a unique, dominating style of performance. *Cristo Redentor* has neither. Except for the standard "Wade in the Water," none of the tunes on this album are memorable, interesting, or in any way distinctive. Harvey Mandel's guitar playing, while always demonstrating excellent control and technical command, is almost totally lacking in feeling, excitement, or even intellectual appeal. It's just finely executed boredom. The same is true of the horns and the drumming. They're good but lifeless, and in the case of the hornmen their skill is wasted on arrangements that are a total drag. If all this weren't enough several of the already flawed numbers on this album are totally ruined by the incredibly tasteless addition of a lush syrupy string section similar to those used on soundtrack music.

Some words of praise are due to Steve

Continued from Preceding Page

Miller (of Linn County) for his organ solo on "Before Six" and especially to Charlie Musselwhite for his funky blues harp on "The Lark." Appropriately for this album, this piece of excellent harp work is the only track that is poorly recorded, but no matter, the dull, inappropriate accompaniment on "The Lark" ruins the number anyway. There are also some mildly interesting spatial effects created by switching instruments from one channel to the other, but it's been done before and with much more interesting music.

Don't be fooled by the advertising or the appearance of Mandel, Musselwhite and Barry Goldberg into thinking that *Cristo Redentor* may be a good blues album. These three men have played a lot of good blues, together and in others' bands, but they don't do it here. Most of *Cristo Redentor* isn't blues, and practically none of it is good.

ANDY BOEHM



A *Hard Road*, John Mayall's Bluesbreakers (London PS 502)

This record has some great blues for blues freaks, whether you happen to prefer blues played by whites, blacks, or homosexual Chinese emigrants to the Arabian Desert—the music comes first, and it's close to earthshaking here.

Unlike *Crusade*, Mayall's much weaker following album, *Hard Road* has a good handful of outstanding cuts and very few weak ones, the prominent weak ones being "Leaping Christine," "There's Always Work," and "Living Alone." The rest of the record ranges from good to mindblowing: it's one of the several great white blues albums, along with *The Paul Butterfield Blues Band* (which was released way back in late 1965), bits and pieces of *What's Shaking*, both the Butterfield and Powerhouse cuts, and the Clapton-Mayall LP.

Mayall's weaknesses crop up occasionally, sure—his recurring tendency to cut his phrases short on "Another Kinda Love"—but his singing is excellent on "Dust My Blues" and "Someday after a While." And his vocals on "Top of the Hill" are just great.

Actually, Peter Green stands out just as much as Mayall on this album, as Green is such a clear contrast to Eric Clapton on *The Bluesbreakers*. Here, Green makes impeccable use of great phrasing above anything else; his style

comes out in many places as very relaxed as opposed to Clapton's strong attack. Like, Green's playing on the slow songs on *Hard Road* such as "The Same Way" and "Someday after a While"—his style on the stuff like this is beautiful and relaxed, a real contrast to Clapton's savage franticness on *Bluesbreakers*, on "Have You Heard," for example.

Peter Green can play savage Claptonesque guitar also—just dig his 12 bars on "Dust My Blues." Green's technique is certainly very good, too—his playing on Freddie (Freddy) King's old instrumental "The Stumble" makes that clear. He's got the fingers of a Clapton or a B. B. King. Although Green's current band, Fleetwood Mac, is pretty despicable—even Hit Parade puts them down—on this record he comes across as an old pro who knows what he's doing.

One of *Hard Road*'s great strengths is the high quality of Mayall's originals such as "Hard Road," "Another Kinda Love," "Hit the Highway," and "Top of the Hill." He's doing much more with his band than slavishly recreating old blues staples; but in the case of the one old blues standard, "Dust My Blues," Elmore James would have smiled. It's just that good.

Mayall's band is also competent enough on *Hard Road*; the rhythm section nearly swings (a real rarity these days) on "It's Over" and "You Don't Love Me." The producing (much, much better than the awful, flat sound on *Crusade*) and the drum sound are entirely adequate, and Green follows the pattern set by Clapton on *Bluesbreakers* by overdubbing the second guitar parts himself.

If there is a quality that really distinguishes this record, it's the presence of piano in so many songs. In the cuts where Mayall uses it well—as on "Hard Road," "Hit the Highway," and "Top of the Hill"—it adds a rustic, very country blues-ish, flavor to the songs, something that's lacking in almost all white blues bands lately.

The people criticizing Mayall for the slop he's put out lately like *Blues Alone* and *Bare Wires* should listen to this album and listen to it more than just a few times. Although the date of its recording goes back to fall 1966 (the American release was summer 1967), it's by far the best album ever put out by a white blues band and should continue to be the same for quite some time. In fact, this album has captured one of the best white blues bands ever—this particular band of Mayall's—at its peak.

MIKE SAUNDERS



Strictly Personal, Captain Beefheart's Magic Band (Blue Thumb S-1)

The only white voice that has come close to capturing what Charley Patton and Son House are all about, Captain Beefheart has gathered some superb musicians, very heavy and with much Delta feeling. Therefore, he has, one would suppose, the capability of making the ultimate white blues album.

He has not done so. His first album (*Safe As Milk* on Buddah) failed by lapsing into dull commercial rock on the order of Love's early efforts. This one fails by lapsing into dull commercial rock on the order of noisy, discomfuted freakout shit. But as with *Safe As Milk*, the failure of Beefheart's new effort is by no means total. If you can wade through all the liquid audio, there are veins of pure Delta gold in these grooves. For the fleeting moments when the bottleneck guitar is flailing, and Beefheart is using his voice to its full potential, the Magic Band is within cutting range of any white blues group alive.

But we've heard phasing (the "jet-airplane sound"), heartbeats (a la Buffalo Springfield), tapes played in reverse,

wavering echoes and all those zapping effects before. And that's all they are, they aren't integral musical materials like the weird sounds of electronic music. "Beatie Bones & Smoking Stones" is charming enough with its psychedelic W. C. Fields gibberings, but it is cut so bad by "Gimmie Dat Harp Boy," which follows it, that you know right away which track is going to survive.

Now the \$64 question. With its numerous lapses in taste, does this album represent—1) the world's greatest white bluesman, frustrated by evil A&R men, or 2) a competent musician, capable of occasional titanic moments, or 3) a hack performer who, through the genius of his producer, now and then blows the mind?

Only Don Van Vliet of Lancaster, Calif. (known professionally as Capt. Beefheart) and Bob Krasnow of L.A. (known professionally as Blue Thumb Records) know for sure. Let it be clear that I don't put Beefheart down for using the blues for psychedelic purposes. The transitions (read "flashes") between that version of Nirvana that was born and raised in the Mississippi Delta, and that version which modern worldwide post-beatle rock aspires to, are the essence of whatever genius may lurk in this album. And genius or no genius, the musicianship is just too good to pass up. Blue Thumb, a new label, is also going to be issuing some albums by black bluesmen; let us hope they have the same excellent engineering that marks this Beefheart album. BARRET HANSEN



The World of Charlie McCoy (Monument SLP 18097)

In Nashville, Charlie McCoy is best known as a session man, whose harp and bass have filled in on many a country session, he has also played on several million sellers, from Roy Orbison to Perry Como. Outside of Nashville Charlie McCoy is best known for his work with Dylan; guitar on "Desolation Row," bass on *John Wesley Harding* and it was members of McCoy's "road" band, The Escorts, who provided the foundations for most *Blonde on Blonde*. And lately, they've been working with Al Kooper, another former Dylan sideman.

Here, however, is an LP recorded a while back and recently released, is McCoy on his own, fronting the band with vocals and harp on twelve tracks, mostly cover versions of hit singles from the pop and rock field. The backup consists of bass, drums, guitar, piano with occasional organ, sax, trumpet, trombone and vocal chorus. Cuts range from "Jump Back Baby" and "Hey Baby" to "Fingertips" and the Bobby Blue Bland number, "Love Light." Also included are "Candy Man" (on the original Orbison single, McCoy played harp), "Gimmie Some Loving," "Uptight," "Ode to Billie Joe" and "Shotgun."

In most cases the band seems to prefer to stick pretty close to the original arrangement, and many times the weakest link is McCoy's vocal work, which often lacks fire. And at times, both the band and the harp may sound a little too "clean" to those used to a heavier and dirtier sound—but, "Nashville cats play clean as country water."

Their version of "Good Vibrations" is interesting, if not a special gas, but the best track here is an original, "Harpoon Man," which was an "underground" (let's say "little-known") instead hit several years back as a single. It's a driving, up-tempo stomp and features McCoy's harp work over a drum break in the middle—play it loud and be happy. Also included is an almost note-for-note recreation of the late Little Walter's first instrumental release, "Juke."

Not a great LP, but if you like harp, you'll want to hear it. I wish that McCoy had gotten free of the singles format and done more originals—maybe next time. TONY GLOVER



It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest, The Fugs (Reprise 6305)

If by some internal magic you have remained faithfully awaiting the Fugs' breakthrough of their previously mediocre cloudecover (on records), you have been amply rewarded. The new LP is a beautiful record.

It is not in an exploratory vein, but does get some rather good clips of musicianship spread within its double color covers, its own share of positive vibe inspiration. The arrangements are almost skin-tight, the arrangers include Bob Dorough, who also lends his voice to several songs.

Obviously Ed Sanders commands a tight ship. He not only dominates all available singing space, but produced the LP, designed it and wrote the babbling notes. The musical influences per song are fairly obvious, and happily do not get in the way, much. One hears a bit more than mere strains, through this record, of Brian Wilson, Martin Denny, Eric Burdon and Les Baxter.

The first side features a lead-off crashing brass number complete with echo wah-wah attack and a melody slightly akin to Burdon's "Sky Pilot." "Ramses The Second Is Dead (My Love)" sports a very distinct Country & Western flavor, the Egyptian King rising through Sun Vapor to journey onto golden Death Trip. It is remembered that the Fugs have always included at least one country gospel number on their records. "Home-Made Shit" appeared on their first LP, retitled "My Baby Done Left Me." The Holy Medals Rounders were original members of the Fugs.

The censorship problem crops up, one of the group's favorite tunes, done in live performance as "River of Shit" is here called "Wide Wide River." I've heard better performances of this song. The Weaver monologue is not very good in this rendition. Though Weaver can wipe out an audience with it in concert, it needs the actual sight of Weaver's personality in action (live) to combust into something strange.

The first of Tuli Kupferberg's songs on this LP, "Life Is Strange," is, as all his songs are, gentle logical & bright with melody. This, however, is given a phony Hollywood Cowboy Soundtrack rendition. Purple Sage & maple syrup on the vocal.

Side two is a conglomeration of sixteen songs, many of which are one minute or less rap sessions and humorous routines. Of this side, perhaps five tracks work. The Weaver routines aren't very funny, lacking the visual contact, Kupferberg's numbers, on the other hand are quite good. Especially his one-liner between the tracks nine and eleven.

"Johnny Pissoff Meets The Red Angel" begins with a very tight Zappa-like construction song, then suddenly switches into a C & W melody. The transition is too sudden. Although if one considers that each portion of it separately is an individual song in itself, and put together, they are just as the title suggests, "Meets." A gimmick to be sure. Five Stars for the "Musical Coordinator" Richard Aldersen.

"Marijuana" is a Fugs Masterpiece. It really stands out. A chant, elongating phrases shot off from the word itself, much in the manner of certain Indian Breath Exercises. With Tuli intoning all the various names and slangwords by which the plant is known throughout the world and the ages. The numbers "Divine Toe" and "Grape Need" are divided into two parts, both of which are extremely good.

This album is actually their best, and happens to contain some very good material. One has the feeling sometimes, that Sanders is burning his candle at both ends. It is a record for strictly cult-members, only Fug fans need apply.

JIM BRODEY

—Continued on Next Page

It's All Over

yesterday
I saw a man
come running
out
of a bar
with a browning automatic
sub-machine gun
in his hand.
He turned towards
the people
coming
out of
the subway
ants
he yelled
ANTS
burrup
burrup
and then
he turned to us
with his hands
at his sides
saying
look
its all over

—Ted Gehrke



Canned Heat, Canned Heat (Liberty LST 7526)

Boogie With Canned Heat, Canned Heat (Liberty LST 7541)

Living The Blues, Canned Heat (two-record set, Liberty LST 27200)

The best of Canned Heat is exactly what Canned Heat wants it to be: good-rockin' blues music suitable for balling, dancing, dozing, boozing, whatever your thing happens to be, all of them at once maybe. It's a tight band with a tough bass player and a heavy lead guitar, and, if only these were the good old days out of which Canned Heat draws its style and its best material, we might have one really good album from them instead of three so-so ones. In the 1940s, a blues band would put out 78s for years, and finally, if their output warranted it, the parent record company would assemble the best into an album. Today the accent has shifted from quality to quantity; and one result is far too much Canned Heat.

A Best of Canned Heat album, culled from all this bulk, would be a gas. It would have "Rollin' and Tumblin'" and "Catfish Blues" and "Dust My Broom" from the first LP; "Evil Woman," "Amphetamine Annie," "An Owl Song" and "Fried Hocky Boogie" from *Boogie*; and from *Living the Blues* it would take "Walking By Myself," parts of "Parthenogenesis" and lead guitarist Henry Vestine's solo on "Refried Boogie." That might be a bit much for one LP, but you could drop even a couple of those without heartbreak.

Until such a record exists, the best bet is probably the *Boogie* album, side two, where Canned Heat gets it together pretty well. They take "Amphetamine Annie" at a nice, chomping, Muddy Waters-like clip, belting these dope lyrics about this chick who's "always shovelin' snow":

Your mind might think you're
(lyin', babe,
On those little pills,
But you ought to know it's
dyin', cause
(Chorus) Speed kills . . .

And somehow it's a happy thing, even to the weeping over Annie's death at the end. Along the way, Vestine rips off a preaching, cooking solo. He's nearly always strong, with his big buzzy sound and saxophone-like phrasing.

"An Owl Song" is perhaps Al Wilson's strongest vocal outing to date — his peculiarly high crooning mumble growling along over a kicking, chugging rhythm section. Vestine is really down on the blues "Marie Laveau." And then

comes "Fried Hocky Boogie," which is, at once, the best and the worst of Canned Heat.

It starts with a lot of words from Bob Hite, the lead singer, about the beneficial attributes of boogie-ing, and then a lot more chatter out of Hite all through the whole thing, while you're trying to hear what the musicians are laying down. He talks far too much, and the way he talks—a hype black plantation accent that doesn't make it, sounding instead like the interlocutor at a minstrel show—is perfectly offensive. "Doncha feel gud naow thatcha lissen tub all 'at boog-eh," he intones over Vestine's storming solo, and reminds us at the end: "An' don't fo-git tuh boog-eh!"

Hite, like all the rest of Canned Heat, is white, and as a means of getting the blues sound he wants, he took lak lora dem cats done rock on dem Li-brare uh Con-gress records. And on "Catfish," the first album, when Hite bellows "Ah been knocked out all night . . . Ah's drunk, don't know what ah'm doin' . . . But ah do feel lak boogie-in . . ." it's Tomming in white-face, no other way to slice it; one big drag.

Such is the ethnic cul-de-sac in which an "authentic" white blues band like Canned Heat places itself. If they simply copied the old stuff, it would be easy enough to write them off entirely, but the fact is they approach nearly every tune afresh. Canned Heat's got its own flavor, its own identity, and not many rock bands can cut them on the energy and musicianship. It's pointless to complain that they do a lot of things old bluesmen have done before, since they make it no secret that this is their point of departure. Indeed, Vestine and Hite have two of the largest blues record collections extant. Wilson is an authoritative researcher into early blues, and the band was begun as a sort of tribute to the music they love.

Either you dig the idea of playing old blues in more or less the old style, or you don't. (Canned Heat does muddy: the water even more, however, with a lot of sad packaging. What other band would distribute bumper stickers saying BOOGIE? And what other band would choose nicknames for its players like "Mole" and "Bear" and "Blind Owl" and "Sunflower"? Can you dig "Black-snake" Hendrix? "Groundhog" Dylan?)

A quick look at the rest of Canned Heat's output. You'll enjoy the first album if down-home country blues blowing is your thing. They lift a few licks from here and there, but the finished product is their own and its wails. On *Boogie*, we find the rhythm section beginning to loosen just a bit, to get more things going, still blues basically, but in the direction of rock. There's still no indication on *Boogie*, though, of the more personal direction Canned Heat has taken in performance lately. They have begun to use "Refried Boogie" as a vehicle for free playing—for improvisations that often depart completely from tempo, key and the basic chord structure, while retaining the blues feeling. They get into this on "Refried" on *Living the Blues*, though they have done it better. Only places this comes across well are on Larry Taylor's bass solo (not too far out, but nice), and Vestine's volcanic ten-minute excursion. Trouble with "Refried" is that it's 41 minutes long, two whole sides, and only Vestine and Taylor are up to that kind of extended soloing. Al Wilson can play screwy little things, but over the long haul he gets plenty tiresome. And while all long drum solos are boring, Fito De La Parra's are excruciatingly so; it would be hard to think of a less imaginative ten minutes than his "Refried" stint.

Oddly enough, Canned Heat seems listless almost everywhere on the new two-record release. A lot of it sounds so much alike it's hard to distinguish among tracks. The exception is "Parthenogenesis," a 19-minute, 54-second, psychedelic adventure which Canned Heat almost brings off. Had it been edited with more care (and De La Parra's heavy-handed drum solo excised), "Parthenogenesis" (the title means development of an unfertilized egg, appropriately) might have worked. As it is, it sandwiches some heavy Vestine, some crazy blues piano (the album notes don't say who's playing), and a pretty little neo-raga by Wilson on mouth harp, in amongst some dull singing and second-rate electronics.

A problematic band, Canned Heat. There's plenty wrong with them, they're

still discovering who and where they are, the best is probably yet to come, etc., etc., etc. But still, and despite each and every objection, it's hard not to dig Canned Heat.

JOHN BURKS



Days Of Future Passed, The Moody Blues (Deram DES 18012)

In Search Of The Lost Chord, The Moody Blues (Deram DES 18017)

One of the several English groups that has survived more or less intact since the days of the Beatles is the Moody Blues, who take their place next to the Rolling Stones, Hollies, Kinks, Zombies, and who in this regard. To be sure, this is a mixed bag of company, but it is certainly surprising to what extent the old English groups still share certain qualities that mark them off from their American counterparts.

The Moody Blues are part of the English rock group family that includes as nearest relatives the Hollies, the Beatles, and the Who. All these groups give prominence to their vocal work, and all still adhere to the basic English rock instrumentation (guitars, bass, drums, occasional organ or piano) with occasional orchestral augmentation. Their historical lineage may be traced back to the American rock and roll (not blues) of the late Fifties. Granted these not insignificant similarities, the English groups have each by and large developed their own stylistic character.

The Moody Blues, on the evidence of their most recent recordings, have matured considerably since "Go Now," but their music is constantly marred by one of the most startlingly saccharine conceptions of "beauty" and "mysticism" that any rock group has ever affected. To be specific: *Days of Future Passed* claims to "have extended the range of pop music," finding "the point where it becomes one with the world of the classics." This is pure nonsense.

There are some quite fine rock tracks on *Days of Future Passed* ("Tuesday Afternoon" especially), but all of these songs have next to nothing to do with "the classics." In any case the "classics" for the Moody Blues apparently are Rimsky-Korsakov, Brahms, David Rose, and Elmer Bernstein; the London Festival Orchestra is generally used between tracks to play Hollyridge Strings changes on the rock compositions in the album. The whole execution of the album is so perverse that the only real surprise is the discovery that between the movie soundtrack slush there is some quite palatable rock which makes no compromises, even in the direction of orchestral accompaniment—as a matter of fact there is almost none on the rock tracks. Then why the Festival Orchestra? Why the hideous spoken introduction and conclusion? If this crap is supposed to be breathtakingly beautiful or the aesthetic raison d'être of the album, god deliver us back into the hands of prosaic rock, like "Peak Hour," or "Forever Afternoon," or "Nights in White Satin." Or even the triteness of "Twilight Time."

This must remain the real curiosity of *Days of Future Passed*: what is obviously a fine, tight English rock group has

chosen to strangle itself in contextual goo. Ironically almost every one of the rock tracks has something to recommend it—but what might have been a quite capable, even exciting, album is willfully turned into something musically akin to Milo's chocolate cotton. Which is too bad.

If *Days of Future Passed* is the Moody Blues being self-consciously "beautiful," *In Search of the Lost Chord* is the Moody Blues being self-consciously "mystical." Too bad again. But let us be charitable: we will say nothing further of the seven minute closer on the album, "Om." Nor the opening "Departure." The rest of the album is very well produced and generally tasteful; John Lodge's "Ride My See-Saw" and Ray Thomas' "Dr. Livingstone, I Presume" are both well done, solid rock tracks. On the other hand we have "House of Four Doors," an overblown piece of literal psychedelia with four (count 'em: four) squeaky door sound effects sandwiched in between some rock mood music.

The dilemma of this whole album is illustrated by "Legend of a Mind," featuring a nifty lyric about "Timothy Leary's dead." If you don't listen to the words it sounds like a better than average rock song with interesting flute work by Ray Thomas and appropriately swooping cellos—but then there are those insane lyrics that keep bombarding you with Timothy Leary's name. Mike Pinder's "The Best Way to Travel" sounds indebted to the Pink Floyd, while the inevitable sitar pops up painlessly on Justin Hayward's "Visions of Paradise." Whoever does the vocal on "The Actor" and "The Word" (they run together) does one hell of a job; beautiful, unabashedly emotional singing.

So what are we finally to make of the Moody Blues? The conceptions of both of their recent albums have been disastrous, but in both cases some interesting, listenable music was surfaced. Their writing is not consistently imaginative, but it is not especially derivative either: the singing is consistently good and the arrangements are effectively executed with little reliance on studio musicians. Hopefully next time around the Moody Blues will leave their London Festival Orchestra and Yantra at home and get together a straight-ahead, no bullshit album of rock; judging from even these albums they should be quite capable of doing this and, furthermore, doing it well.

JIM MILLER

#10

Tuning my
guitar
suddenly a
chord, a seventh
note, falls
and again
her hair is
in my
mouth,
that meadow,
that orchard,
that streak
of auburn
humming
against my
tongue.

#86

I knew her mouth
all winter
and she played
piano in
paintings
all morning long.
Her
sand-castle
hair and
the tinkling
between her
thighs.
I knew her voice
in falling snow
orchards of
arpeggios
and glens of
obligatoes
with lips
splashing
lips.

—Gary Von Tersch

Mailer: The Election Night Blues

—Continued from Page 24

verge of certainty. They pushed their half-felt desires to the edge of calamity, with a deadly fantasy of the election plunged into the rusty gears of the Electoral College, where it would be eaten, so that we might all participate in a satanic banquet, devouring all the underpinnings of our democratic process: consent, legitimacy, the myth that votes count.

Vice President Garner once said his office "was not worth a pitcher of warm spit." The nation's fears had brought the American people to the verge of recreating the presidency itself in that eminently American image. If California had gone the other way...

But it didn't happen. "The apocalypse is just around the corner..." Was it Herbert Hoover who said that? I can hardly remember. That the corner is yet to be turned is in a strange way a tribute to the stubborn courage of the American people. In a campaign marked by virtually no sense of choice, no sense of attractive or exciting issues, let alone candidates, the people voted.

The choice to vote, to try and keep the system working, tried to keep it standing, tried to make the system work well enough so that some sort of real president might emerge from it. The people did not speak for Nixon — they

spoke as loudly for Hubert Humphrey — in fact, they did not speak loudly for either of them. There was little idea in the country that the future would be different, even feel different, with one man as opposed to the other. A vote for one man as opposed to the other was a question of leaning, for reasons that could hardly be articulated even falsely, for reasons that could not possibly be articulated in terms of what really mattered.

The people did not take that step across the borders of their political minds—they did not cross that mythical line Sam Houston drew when the chips were down at the Alamo. The step that was taken was a choice to vote at all for Humphrey or Nixon, a scared attempt to prove that the game was still to be played by the old rules. Maybe it worked this time. "The truly American candidate of 1968," as a writer called him in the *Rolling Stone* of a few months ago, is still waiting in the wings.

Henry Adams was in Washington, D.C. as the Civil War rose up on the horizon. A spirit of despair and desperation hung over the Capitol as plans were made for the inauguration of a new president. We were "wandering between two worlds," he wrote then, "one dead, the other powerless to be born."

Correspondence, Love Letters, etc.:

—Continued from Page 3

each of them phoney; he has been in the post stockade since September 7th. Another GI who was engaged in on-base anti-war, anti-military organizing was arrested on a false possession charge on September 30th.

Because of the repression, the "soft," non-harmful drugs like marijuana are becoming increasingly difficult to come by, and the men are forced into using a lot of "legal" but highly dangerous drugs. Freon-breathing is increasingly common, as is usage of cough syrup, and the dropping of cut-up nose inhalers. Drug usage has passed the point of being in any way beneficial, and is now in the phase where it becomes personally destructive.

Your headline is definitely correct. The U.S. Army HAS been directly responsible for turning on more than a quarter of a million young Americans! In The Nam, they do little or nothing about it, because they know that it is the only way they can have an Army, due to the nature of the war they are forcing these guys to fight. Letting the men stay stoned for the year they're there is one way of letting the pressure escape before the pot boils over. Once back in the States however, where the men are not armed as they were in The Nam (I have heard so many stories of the killings of officers and non-coms by their own men that I cannot discount them), the Army puts 'em back in line, because they are no longer "necessary" to the success of the Army's "mission."

Men who come to places like The Oleo Strut, or who engage in "dissent activities"—a very loosely-defined term—suddenly find themselves on the duty list every day, transferred from an office job to the motor pool, subjected to harassment by their officers and non-coms, subjected to innumerable shake-

downs, being called in and grilled by the CID and Military Intelligence, etc.

Believe me, the Army is finding that they have a tiger by the tail. They have to let the men act in a very undisciplined manner while in the Nam, or they would have no Army; once back, the men do not settle nicely into the routines the Brass set up. Consequently, the Army is an EXTREMELY uptight place. The potential for "disorders" is very high; higher at some bases, but at a high level at all. With examples such as the Fort Hood 43, the Black GIs who refused to go on riot-control duty in Chicago at the convention, the Brass is aware that their "other war"—the war in America—is going to be fought with an Army that is even more reluctant and "unreliable" than the one they have in Vietnam.

In a situation like this, rock music is sort of a direction sign—a way of finding compatriots. It is the visible part of the iceberg, a mark of community. And the community it symbolizes is the one Army is very, very afraid of.

TOM CLEAVER
OLEO STRUT PROJECT
KILGREN, TEXAS

TIME!

If you want to include Tiny Tim in the category of rock and roll, that is up to you. However, to say that he is the first to bring rock and roll to a Las Vegas nightclub is untrue. Elvis Presley appeared at the New Frontier in May, 1956. Like Cass's, his reception was also flat.

In addition, to link Elvis's name with George Wallace's with no more proof or confirmation than a Wallace sign, which anybody could put up, on or near his Memphis home is an unjustifiable slur and in poor taste, especially for a periodical of your high caliber.

PACO FLECK
PIEDMONT, CALIF.

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HEAVY HARP—exciting blues singer, wants to join blues-oriented group. 589-5468, 195 Poplar Avenue, San Bruno.

WANTED — BASS and drummer with strong voices for rock-oriented creative sound. Destination—Appie. Steve Snyder, 275 Newbury St., Boston.

EXPERIENCED LEAD singer/harp player looking for Chicago-style blues band. Yates & John, Doc M., McCarry Hall, Lincoln University, Philadelphia.

NEED DRUMMER and organist or guitarist. Guitarist must do solid lead. Taste and sense of form essential: should sing, not necessary. Marc—761-8106, or Dave—769-3944, Ann Arbor.

FEMALE SINGER, 26, experienced, seeks blues/rock type gig — free to travel. Kathy—583-0373, 245 River St., Cambridge.

SOUL DRUMMER, experienced, Southern schooled, seeking gig with real musicians. I write, read, travel. Tony Oakland—(214) 424-4155, 1849 Collins St. No. 18, Tarzana.

SINGER AND guitarist must find a fast, solid drummer and inspired bass for hardrock, blues and new sounds. Must have at least basic equipment. Katy or Dan — 541-0981, San Diego. 365-8559, Redwood City, 328-4220, Palo Alto.

VOCALIST/RHYTHM guitarist wanted for strong rock and roll/blues band in San Francisco. Steve Miller Band, Call (415) 581-3344, San Francisco.

GUITARIST—COUNTRY & Western, rock interest. Experienced. Dig Byrds, Dylan. Reggie Wells—FE 7-2176, 500 E. Tawry, Midwest City, Oklahoma.

DRUMMER LOOKING for group or to form one. Rock and roll. From group just broken up. Own equipment. 848-0784 or 549-0411, Berkeley.

DRUMMER WANTS permanent gig or to jam. Seven years experience—interested in blues, folk, jazz. Rhythmic ideas. Steve—445-8584, Boston.

SINGER WANTS to join professional rock band. R&B group in L.A. or SF. Chicago native, have had one year blues coaching from Magic Sam, sat in with him occasionally. Co-producer, Delmark "Sweet Home Chicago" anthology of unknown Chicago blues artists. Want group experience badly; have a good mind. Bill Lidenmann—574-3208, 1449 No. Carson Ave., Apt. 201, Los Angeles.

BASS NEEDS experienced or inexperienced musicians (pref. organist/drummer or lead guitarist) to form progressive blues band. Tom C. — 1319 Grafton Ave., Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan.

BASSIST, 21, and 4-F, seeks blues-rock band. R&B group in L.A. or SF. (514) 271-9201 (after six), New York.

IF YOU do anything musically interesting, come join us. We are guitar, organ-bass and drums. Be different and good. Tom — (207) 726-8731, Ext. 388, Brunswick, Maine.

ORGANIST (PREF. Hammond) and bass player needed by well-known R&B group with major recording contract. Must be exceptionally heavy. 858-8822, Oakland.

ORGANIST, BASS needed—must sing, be over 21 and willing to play a three or four nights. Wayne—686-5001, Los Angeles.

ORGANIST NEEDED for dedicated hard rock group with own equipment. Will be in L.A. this June. Jeff—(519) 484-3214, 2024 Winterloches, Fayetteville, N.C.

SINGER (BLUES, rhythm & blues, rock), draft-exempt, good harp player, rhythm guitar, good looking 5'10" — 367-5470, San Francisco.

BASS & DRUMMER wanted for blues, R&B group. Must be experienced and have equipment. Dave—524-3311 (days), Berkeley.

BLUES SAX and flute player, three years' experience, wants to join rock, blues or jazz group. Can read music, play by ear and fake. John Tiven—795-3357, 528 Lambert Rd., Orange, Connecticut.

BASS, ORGANIST (or rhythm guitar) needed. Have lyrics, melodies and arrangements to twenty pieces. Prefer individuals into minds, communication and blues. Claire—969-4138, or Bob—536-4142, 19 Rutland Sq. Boston.

WANTED—GIRL singer with feel for modern country-folk (Lightfoot, Tyson) for trio. Autobury desirable. Phone and original material. Jim or Roger—BUL-SHOT (283-7468), San Francisco.

DRUMMER, 18, looking for work in heavy rock-blues group. Dave—545-8897, New Brunswick.

FEMALE SINGER, jazz, jug and "burlesque" folk experience, looking for blues or mountain music band. Have worked in Chicago. Melanie—442-5124 (before 3:30), 1906 Pearl, Apt. 1, Boulder, Colorado.

DRUMMER, LEAD guitar needed for new group. Ages 18-26. Steve—564-1323, Bronx.



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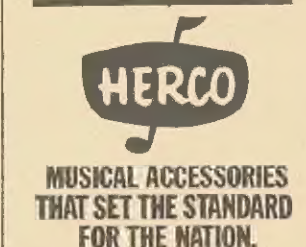
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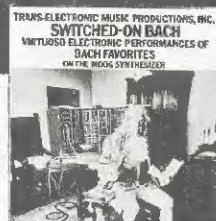
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